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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

[From the New York Observer.]

EDUCATION IN THE WEST.

The first care of our Puritan ancestors was, when they landed upon the bleak and inhospitable shores of New England, to provide for the education of their children. To this end, they built school houses and laid the foundations of colleges, while as yet the means of subsistence, with their utmost industry, were exceedingly precarious; and it was a matter of uncertainty, whether they would not be driven back into the sea. To those humble school houses and embryo colleges, together with the rude *meeting-houses*, reared by the same pious hands, are we more indebted, than to all other agencies and second causes, for the blessed institutions under which we live, and which are at once the glory of our land and its surest defence.

Are those who have undertaken to lay the foundations of new states, on the banks of the Ohio, the Mississippi, and the Missouri, and the shores of the great lakes, equally wise and provident? If they are, then will the traveller see the school-house rising with the first dwellings in every new settlement, through which he passes, while at convenient distances, spires and cupolas, humble though they may be, will tell him, that there the God of our fathers is worshipped by their children. It is no part of my design in these gleanings and reflections, to present the statistic of popular education in the western States, or of the higher seminaries which are springing up, or needed, over those vast and fertile regions. This would require opportunities which I have not enjoyed, and access to sources of information, which if not absolutely beyond my reach, I have not time to avail myself of.

While I confess myself one of those who think that the United States Congress has manifested an unreasonable reluctance to aid the cause of learning in the older States of the Union, by grants from the public domain, it affords me great pleasure to recognize its liberality towards the younger branches of the family. Besides large and exceedingly valuable grants of land for universities, and other public institutions of the same elevated character, in Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin; and if I remember right, in Ohio, Indiana and Missouri also, the *sixteenth* section, in every township of *thirty six* sections, or in like proportion, is reserved for the benefit of common schools. This, as the sections are numbered, falls very near the centre of the township, and of course must bear more than an average value.

But it does not follow, as a matter of course, because the General Government has been so liberally mindful of the wants and vital interests of the new States, that all the children are now enjoying the blessings of education in those States, or that the funds will prove adequate to their future wants; or that even if they should, the income will be judiciously appropriated. It is but too easy to squander the largest patrimony, whether public or private; and for obvious reasons, there is more danger in the former case than in the latter. It is a common error, I believe, for the trustees of this public property, to sell it too soon. So anxious are they apt to be, to found universities and colleges, even before they can find a moderate number of students to occupy them, that they are ready at once to part with their lands, for a fourth part of what they would fetch a few days latter, or which is more common, perhaps, they first run themselves in debt, and then, when pay day comes, are obliged to sell at the very lowest price. By these improvident and ruinous sacrifices, future generations are defrauded of their educational patrimony, and the poor are forever cut off from the enjoyment of those high advantages, which it was the intention of the government, in giving the lands, to bring within their reach.

As for the common school reservation in the several townships, it requires no great foresight to predict, that private cupidity will almost everywhere put them in great danger. The earliest settlers will naturally be anxious to purchase these central locations, while they are yet of comparatively little value; and in one way or another, will induce the towns to sell them. This I was told is the very process which is now extensively going on in Illinois, and I presume it is so everywhere else. Very few of these choice school sections will remain in the hands of the towns, fifty years hence, and in too many cases, even the pittances for which they now sell, will be lost. Should it be otherwise, however, and should the respective State Legislatures at the west, raise large funds for popular education as has been done in Connecticut, New York and elsewhere, at the east, still it will depend upon the conditions on which such moneys are appropriated, whether the mass of the people are to be well educated, or not. Money alone will not do it. Nay, experience proves, that large funds may be so distributed from the public treasury, as rather to depress than raise the standard.

At present, there is a very great destitution of common schools, in all the new states, By this I mean, that thousands and tens of thousands of children, are at this moment growing up in ignorance of the simplest elements of reading and writing. They never see a schoolhouse, and they receive little or no instruction at home. But the prospect, in all the wide regions of the west is brightening. The public mind in Ohio, has recently received a powerful impulse, to which no man has contributed more than *Professor Stowe*, of the Lane Seminary. This impulse, I was happy to find, is by no means confined to Ohio. It is fast extending from State to State; and as our younger sisters have no errors of long standing to correct, or wrong steps to retrace, it would not be very strange, if they were ultimately to surpass us, in the perfection and efficiency of their system of popular education. Most sincerely do I hope they will. But let them remember, that every *change* is not an *improvement*; and in treading new ground, let them avail themselves of all the lights of experience they can collect, whether from the old world, or the new.

They have already many prosperous Academies and other seminaries of the same class in the state of Ohio, and they are getting them up on a liberal scale in Illinois and Michigan. From what I could learn, I fear they are not advancing quite so fast either in Indiana or Missouri. It is needless to say that without grammar schools and female seminaries of a high order at convenient distances, (but not so near as to weaken one another by competition,) the common schools can never be furnished with competent teachers. In the early settlement of new states, the most convenient substitute for grammar schools, is a preparatory department connected with each of the colleges; and I believe almost every college at the west, has such a department. But I found that some of the most enlightened friends of education, were beginning to question the expediency of relying upon this as a permanent arrangement. They say that the union is attended with some serious practical difficulties, particularly in oversight and government. But the main objection which I heard urged, is, that it prevents the establishment of academies elsewhere. So long as parents can fit their sons for college, under its shadow, they will be far less anxious than they ought to be to found and support schools of a high order, in their own towns and counties. For these and other reasons, they have lately given up their preparatory deparatment in Jacksonville College, and I have no doubt they judged wisely. Whatever diversity of opinion may exist among its friends, just at present, as to the expediency of the change, a little reflection will, it is presumed, convince them that it is far better to have a number of good academies in locations where they are wanted, than to be obliged to send their sons to be fitted in Jacksonville, or in immediate connection with any other college.

The rapid multiplication of *colleges* in the western states, within the last few years, has elicited a good deal of discussion among the friends of education, both there and here; and the question is by no means settled between them, whether it has a favorable or an unfavorable bearing upon the interests of sound learning, in that vast and interesting portion of the country. On one side it is maintained that the chartering and organization of these public institutions, are sure indications of the estimation in which liberal studies are held by our brethren at the west. 'Here,' say they, 'we present you with proof positive, that the demand for thoroughly educated men keeps pace with the rapid increase of population,—for our people are quite too shrewd and calculating, to throw away their money upon any class of institutions which they do not highly value, or to multiply them faster than they are wanted.'

On the other hand, it is contended, with equal confidence, that there is a sort of college mania at the west, which calls for new charters in locations interfering with the meagre patronage of existing institutions, or, in sparsely settled regions, where respectable public seminaries cannot be maintained for many years to come. Some even go so far as to question, whether upon the whole, colleges do any good, since it is found from experience, that men can succeed very well in all the professions, without a public education, and that but few of the most prosperous men in business, have ever troubled themselves at all with the classics.

'Now I take it the truth lies somewhere between these two extremes; but exactly *where*, it may be difficult to determine. I do not think the multiplication of colleges in the new states, any more prove that they are all wanted, than that the public good requires all the turnpikes, railroads and canals for which acts of incorporation are annually obtained; or than that all the lands which are staked out into streets and squares and building lots, are *wanted* for town and cities. There are other motives, besides the love of learning, which *may* have had their full share in laying the foundations of some of the western colleges. Men in the new states, as well as the old, have discernment enough to see that the building up of a flourishing literary institution, in any place, has a direct tendency to raise the value of property, and in many other ways to promote its prosperity—so that we can no more certainly infer from the zeal and perseverance of lobby members, in sueing for charters, that they are actuated by a desire to promote classical education, than from the efforts which the same men might make, to get up a great *book* establishment, that they are passionately fond of *reading*.

In order to form a right judgment, we must look at the colleges simply as *literary institutions*, and inquire how they are actually regarded and patronized, *as such*. Is there, then, such a prevailing taste and desire for liberal attainments in literature and science in the new states, as the number of public seminaries would seem to indicate? I am sorry to say that my observation and inquiries have confirmed the impression which I had before, that there is not. There is a prejudice among the western people against educated men, which is any thing but propitious to the prosperity of their colleges. They want *intuition*, not *book-learning—self-educated* men, in the broadest sense of the term, and the fewer advantages, even for self-culture, which any one may have enjoyed, the better. What is demanded and admired, is a sort of spontaneous steam power, which will carry the unlettered favorite along *twenty* miles in sixty minutes, while your 'college learnt' drone scarcely makes *ten* miles. Now how can it be expected that in the face of such a public sentiment, young men will be inclined to spend four years in classical studies? Besides, there is so much to do, and so much excitement—there are so many new lands to be bought and sold, and so many boundless fields of enterprise open, to every young man of the smallest pretensions, that hard and patient study must be pretty much out of the question. As well, almost, might you expect the merchant, who has thrown himself into the swift current of the Mississippi, and wishes to reach New Orleans in the shortest possible time, to shoot out into one of the *bayous*, and betake himself for a month to the study of book-keeping, as that the ardent and talented young men of the west, will in any considerable numbers immure themselves for years within the walls of a college. The country is too new—the energies and wits of your *smart young fellows* bear too high a premium. They cannot stop to demonstrate conic sections, while there are so many other and richer sections to be mastered. Let those who have nothing else to do, calculate eclipses and write commentaries upon the heathen classics.

This I take to be the *a priori* view of the case. No one who reflects on the circumstances of our western brethren, can expect to find their numerous colleges thronged with students in the high classical departments. The time has not yet come.

PIETY SHOULD BE CHEERFUL.

Children should not be employed in studies above their years, or in irksome tasks. The joyous freshness of their young natures should be preserved while they learn the duties that fit them for this life and the next. Wipe away their tears. Remember how hurtful are the heavy rains to the tender blossom just opening on the day. Cherish their smiles. Let them learn to draw happiness from all surrounding objects; since there may be some mixture of happiness in every thing but sin. It was once said of a beautiful woman, that from her childhood she had ever spoke smiling, as if the heart poured joy from the lips, and they turned it into beauty.

May I be forgiven for so repeatedly pressing on mothers to wear the lineaments of cheerfulness? 'To be good and disagreeable is high treason against the royalty of virtue,' said a correct moralist. How much is to be deprecated, when piety, the only fountain of true happiness, fails of making that joy visible in every eye! If happiness is melody of soul, the concord of our feelings with the circumstances of our lot, the harmony of the whole being with the will of our Creator, how desirable that this melody should produce the response of sweet tones, and a smiling countenance, that even slight observers may be won by the charm of its external symbols?—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

DEATH.

It is not easy to describe the sensation which the mind experiences on the first sight of a dead countenance: which, when living, was loved and esteemed for the sake of that soul which used to give it animation. A deep and awful view of the separation which has taken place between the soul and body of the deceased, since we last beheld him, occupies the feelings; our friend seems both near and yet afar off. The most interesting and valuable part is fled away,—what remains is but the earthly perishing habitation, no longer occupied by its tenant. Yet the features present the accustomed association of friendly intercourse. For one moment we could think them asleep. The next reminds us that the blood circulates no more; the eye has lost its power of seeing, the ear of hearing, the heart of throbbing, and the limbs of moving. Quickly a thought of glory breaks in upon the mind, and we imagine the dear departed soul to be arrived at its long-wished-for rest. It is surrounded by cherubim and seraphim, and sings the song of Moses and the Lamb on Mount Zion. Amid the solemn stillness of the chamber of death, imagination hears heavenly hymns chanted by the spirits of just men made perfect. In another moment, the livid lips and sunken eye of the clay cold corpse, recall our thoughts to earth, and to ourselves again. If there be a moment when Christ and salvation, death, judgment, heaven and hell, appear more than ever to be momentous subjects of meditation, it is that which brings us to the side of the coffin containing the body of a departed believer. And while we think of mortality, sin, death, and the grave, we feel the prayer rise in our bosom, 'O let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!'—*Rev. Legh Richmond.*

THE USE OF THE FURNACE.

The graces of the Spirit, as they come from the hand of God who infuses them, are nothing but pureness; but being put into a heart where sin dwells, (which till the body be dissolved and taken to pieces, cannot be fully purged out,) there they are mixed with corruption and dross: and particularly faith is mixed with unbelief, and love of earthly things, and dependance upon the creature; if not more than God, yet together with him; and for this is the furnace needful, that the soul may be purified from this dross, and made more sublime and spiritual in believing. It is a hard task, and many times but slowly forward, to teach the heart, by discourse and speculation, to sit loose from the world at all sides, not to cleave to the best things in it, though we be compassed about with them, *though riches do increase* yet *not to set our hearts on them* (Psa. lxii, 10.) not to trust in such *uncertain things* as they are, as the Apostle speaks (1 Tim. vi. 17.) Therefore God is pleased to choose the more effectual way to teach his own the right and pure exercise of faith, either by withholding or withdrawing these things from them. He makes them relish the sweetness of spiritual comfort, by depriving them of those outward comforts wherein they were in most danger to have doated to excess, and so to have forgotten themselves and him. When they are reduced to necessity and experimentally trained up easily to let go their hold of any thing earthly, and to stay themselves only upon their rock, this is the very refining of their faith, by those losses and afflictions wherewith they are exercised. They who learn bodily exercises, as fencing, &c., are not taught by sitting still, and hearing rules, or seeing others practice, but they learn by exercising themselves. The way to profit in the art of believing, or of coming to this spiritual activity of faith, is, to be often put to that work in the most difficult way, to make up all wants and losses in God, and to sweeten the bitterest griefs with his loving kindness.—*Leighton.*

Joys of the Spirit.—Never expect much of the joy of the Holy Ghost if your heart and mind be occupied in the enjoyment of sense. The joy of the Spirit is a delicate, sacred depositt, and must be kept in a pure casket. An unholy breath will dim its lustre and fade its freshness. The joys of sense, even the most lawful of them, are agitating, tumultuous, and unsatisfactory. The joy of the spirit is calming, modest, strengthening, elevating and satisfying. The joys of sense, at the best, enervate, lower, and impoverish the soul. The joys of the Spirit ennoble and enrich it.—*Cecil.*

[From the Journal of Religious Education.]

THE CONFESSION.

A TRUE STORY.

Children should be early impressed with the necessity and importance of recalling and confessing their sins. To confess particular sins is often a profitable exercise, as by repeating only a general confession, they may acquire a habit of passing it thoughtlessly over, or of looking upon sin merely as something of common and unavoidable occurrence. The following story was related to me by the person, under whose observation the incident happened, and will serve as a striking instance of the hardness of heart which may come upon those who ngelect or omit this important duty.

Several years since, the commander of a vessel on the eve of sailing for America from Calcutta, was applied to by a seaman for the purpose of being engaged in his employ. He professed to be an Englishman, and by his conversation appeared to be above the class of ordinary sailors. He was pale and thin: and withal had such a dejected and care worn countenance, that he seemed hardly fitted to undertake the duties of a long voyage. He produced however, testimonials of faithfulness and industry from several respectable employers, and as he declared himself in good health, and stated that the climate had caused his temporary emaciation, he was engaged, and forthwith entered upon the duties of his new station.

After the vessel had set sail, he became distinguished among his fellow seamen for his reserve and unwillingness to be associated with them, evidently not from pride, or personal dislike to them, but from a peculiar sullenness of temper; and the abstracted and unhappy look which he always wore, and the short, repulsive answers which he gave to all, soon estranged him from the kind regards, and even the passing notice of his companions. He was, however, statedly seen at his duties; passively and silently obedient to every order, neglecting nothing that was assigned to him, and under all circumstances appearing cold, and unmoved, and uninterested.

'Never,' said his commander, 'have I seen such a personification of a statue. His features were as of chisseled marble—fixed and unrelaxing; and his eyes with one amazing expression of sullen despair. In so large a ship's company, we were not often thrown into close or familiar contact, and when not in the act of obeying my immediate orders he would always avoid me when I approached him. Though there was every thing in his air and conduct to repel inquiry, yet I several times ventured to ask him particulars of his health or history. His answers, though respectful, were short and unsatisfactory; and, indeed, he seemed possessed of a peculiar faculty of repulsing even his superiors.

Nearly two months of the voyage had passed without any incident occurring worthy of note. I had remarked no change in him, except that he had become evidently much emaciated; and though no complaint escaped him, he was visibly and daily losing strength. When I told him I was willing to excuse him from his more laborious duties, he coldly replied, 'I do not wish to be idle—I am not so strong as I might be, but I am well enough.' This was said in his usual repulsive tone, and as I saw his unwillingness to receive even the expression of kindness or interest, I forbore to molest him further.

About this time we experienced a severe hurricane, which required every one at his post and at active duty. In the course of the day I missed the English seaman, and on asking for him, was told he was so feeble as to be unable to leave his bed. Being myself constantly engaged in the duties of my station, I gave orders that he should be well taken care of; and when I afterwards inquired about him, I was always told, he was well enough, but too cross and lazy to work—that it was of no use to offer him any kindness, as he would only answer angrily in return—and that he was of too bad a temper even to eat more than occasionally a sea-biscuit. Even if I had leisure to attend to him, I own I had almost conceived a dislike for the man, so forbidding and disagreeable had been his whole behavior; consequently I felt but little inclination to have more intercourse with him than was necessary. My engagements, however, were too peremptory to admit of further attentions on my part, than inquiries respecting him. For three weeks we experienced such a continuance of boisterous and severe weather that every man in the ship was in almost constant requisition. I was myself nearly worn down with want of rest; and I should have thought two hours of uninterrupted sleep a luxury.

At length we were cheered by the return of fair weather, and never was rest more needed and welcomed by all. It had become almost a perfect calm, and about midnight I had thrown myself across a berth and fallen asleep. I had been sleeping probably not more than half an hour, when I was awakened by a slight noise, and standing up, I beheld at the foot of the cabin stairs, a tall strange looking figure, wrapped in a sheet which nearly touched the ground! One wasted arm was exposed, and as the emaciated hand grasped the sheet, it seemed as if through the transparent skin every bone could be counted. The bright moonlight enabled me to discern every feature, and so intensely were the black sunken eyes fixed upon me, that for an instant, a feeling of awe came over me. The next moment I was on my feet, and receiving no answer to my question of 'Who are you?' I stepped forward and raised my hand as if to grasp the arm, when the man replied in a low voice, 'Do me no harm, sir, I am Ned Wilson.' It was the English sailor, whom I had not seen for three weeks, and who had become so altered, that not until I had looked fixedly at him, did I recognize his pallid features.

I said to him in a stern tone, 'And what has brought you here at such an hour? Come, go immediately back to bed.' He answered, but in a tone of voice so unlike his usual manner of speaking, that I was touched in a moment. 'Don't speak harshly to me, sir, I beseech you.' 'Well then,' I said as kindly as I could, 'tell me what has brought you here at such an hour. It is not fit that one so enfeebled as you appear to be, should be out of his bed. Come, I will take you back.'

'No, no,' and he gasped for breath as he laid his hand upon my arm, 'they—my messmates—would hear what I have to say, and it must not be.'

The thought instantly occurred to me that he was not in his right mind, and I again said to him. 'Come, come, you must go back; it is very wrong for you to be here—you will be better in bed.' 'Sir,' said he in a solemn tone, 'you *must* hear me. I rise from my death-bed to tell you what no other ears must hear, and which must be told before I die, or' —— he stopped, and a convulsive shuddering shook his whole frame. 'Or what?' I asked. 'Or my soul is lost for ever!' he replied.

I was for a moment subdued and awed by his unearthly appearance; and the solemn stillness that reigned around, added effect to what he said. It again occurred to me that he might be raving, and I again endeavored to persuade him to go to bed. But he stopped me with—'As a dying man, I *will* be heard; and if you would save my soul, you will hear me.'

Willing to soothe his increasing agitation, I told him then to be brief, as—if he wished to communicate any thing secretly to me—we should soon be interrupted by the awaking of those sleeping near us. He looked suspiciously around, and approaching me closely, whispered, 'But you must swear, swear solemnly, never, never, to reveal what I shall confess.'

I promised faithfully to keep his secret; and as, in broken and detached sentences, he related the particulars of a dreadful crime which he had committed several years before, I became almost as agitated as himself. As he concluded, he seemed relieved of a fearful burthen. We were both silent for several minutes. 'And now,' said he, grasping my arm and looking in my face, as if his destiny depended on my own answer, 'tell me if my soul is lost for ever.'

I replied, 'Yours is a dreadful crime; but to the repentant sinner, there is offered free forgiveness.'

'Repentant!' he exclaimed, 'God who sees my heart knows if I have repented or not; but I have never ventured to ask his forgiveness, convinced that He could have no mercy for me.'

'Why have you presumed to set limits to His mercy?' I said. He paused, and then answered, 'For so many years I have been accustomed to think of Him only as the angry Judge of my soul, that I have never thought of His mercy. If I had thought of it, I should also have remembered that He has also promised to punish the wicked.'

I replied, 'He will punish the wicked, but the penitent sinner He will receive and pardon.'

'But *my sin!*' said he emphatically; can such sin be within reach of His mercy.'

I answered, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin: wash in it, and be clean.'

'Oh, those precious words! he exclaimed, 'they are like some half-remembered dream. I have heard them many, many years ago; 'can they indeed speak to me?' He sank back faint and exhausted, and with difficulty I conveyed him to his bed. I offered him some refreshment, which somewhat revived him, and giving him in charge of one of his companions, was leaving him to the repose which he seemed so much to require, when he beckoned me to remain, and made signs for me to speak more. I told him he was not in a condition to hear more that night, and that I would see him in the morning. He stretched out his hand, and clasping mine would not relax his hold. I stopped and whispered, 'I must leave you alone with God; to Him make confession of your sin, and implore his forgiveness. I cannot save you from His wrath, but One mighty to save you, has interceded for you, and He will prevail. He has invited you to come to Him, and accept the salvation which he died to obtain for you.' He pressed my hand and then released me, repeating almost inaudibly, 'to-morrow.'

The next day, so soon as my leisure would permit, I again visited him, carrying with me a Bible, which I presented to him. He received it joyfully, and exclaimed, 'This is the salvation!' He was extremely weak, and spoke with difficulty. His calm and pleasant answers had attracted the attention of his companions; and they had gathered around him, with their characteristic kindness to administer to his wants. I heard them as I passed, wondering what could have changed his angry way towards them. He told me himself, he felt like another being; and from that day he continued to rejoice in the new view he had of the character of God.

He lingered two or three weeks, and then died calm and resigned. As his bodily frame became more wasted and feeble, his mind seemed supported and strengthened. His Bible was always open before him, and he was almost constantly engaged in prayer, his lips moving when he could no longer articulate. He expressed strong faith in the merits of his Savior, and when thanking me for having led him to that safe refuge, he said:—'Sir, it was confession of sin that brought me to His feet. If I had been taught in early life to confess my sins constantly to God, I should never have despaired of His mercy. But I went on from sin to sin, reckless and hardened, until I was tempted to commit that fearful crime. I thought I had already sinned past all forgiveness, and that this one could make me no worse. But confession of sin brought repentance for sin; then this hard heart was softened, and first felt the need and sufficiency of the Savior. Oh, those who confess their sins to God, and repent, will never stay away from Christ.

New York, February 8th, 1839.

Evil Speaking.—Perhaps no single cause contributes more to banish the Spirit of God from the houses and hearts of men, than evil speaking. There are sins of more flagrant enormity, but what sin is more extensively diffused? Evil speaking? Who is without sin in this respect? How common it has become. How much of it there is every day—every where—in the city and in the country—at home and abroad—in every large concourse—and in every little company, and even in the soliloquy of the closet. Who is not among its actors and its objects? We sacrifice others on this cruel altar, and then we ourselves become its cruel victims. How easily we slide into this sin!

(From the Knickerbocker.)

THE MERCHANT.

We have seen, in a former number, the influence of commerce upon mankind at large; upon the entire human race, in its collective form. If we now direct our thoughts to mankind, as divided into separate communities, or nations, we shall find that influence not less marked and operative. The discovery has not long been made, but it is made at last, that the real source of national prosperity, greatness, and power, is the once contemned pursuit of commerce. Even rulers and monarchs, although generally the last to abandon errors, and to perceive great moral truths, have begun to entertain the idea that the power of an empire is not exclusively in its armies; that increase of territory, by conquest, is not prosperity; and that successful warfare is not glory. It is not probable that the civilized world will ever again produce a Napoleon, or civilized nations again engage in such a frightful series of butcheries and desolations as were the fruits of his ambition. The knowledge that the business of mankind, is to create, and not destroy, has slowly travelled upward, from the workshop of the mechanic, and the ware-house of the merchant to the study of the philosopher, the cabinet of the statesman, and the council-chamber of the king.

It is time, indeed, that this great truth were universally acknowledged, for history has been teaching it these thousand years, in the successive rise and fall of empires. Of the great nations of antiquity, we find that the most rapid growth in power and prosperity, belonged to the most commercial; as Phœnicia, Carthage, and Egypt; and that when they fell, their ruin came not from within, but from the fierce assaults of enemies, superior in power. Their greatness had in itself the elements of duration; and although they were stricken down by the overbearing might of military dominations, it was not until after long and strenuous resistance, with numbers far inferior, proving the vigor and soundness of the principles on which their national existence had its foundation. The military empires, on the contrary, with the exception of Rome, were of short and uncertain duration. They had within themselves the seeds of dissolution, and crumbled into ruius with a rapidity of destruction generally commensurate with the celerity of their elevation. Even Rome itself was no exception to the rule, save only in the long continuance of its greatness; a greatness founded on the valor and warlike temper of its people, which every new conquest tended to diminish, by the introduction of luxurious habits, and the increase of means for their indulgence, gained by the robbery and plunder of the conquered. A power erected on such foundations could not be permanent. Its growth was unnatural, and at length it fell to pieces, as so many other warlike empires had done before it, through the influence of causes inherent in its elevation. The Romans, the Macedonians, the Assyrians, the Persians, all the conquest-seeking nations of antiquity, were mere robbers. They aimed at riches and dominion by the strong arm, and the rapacious spirit; and with the very attainment of their ends, the strong arm grew weak, and their ill-begotten wealth became the instrument of their destruction. The Carthaginians and Phœnicians, and every other commercial people, grew in strength and prosperity with a wholesome and vigorous increase. The wealth they acquired was won by toil, and enterprise, and perseverance, and brought with it increase of knowledge and intelligence; and if they fell at last, they fell nobly, after a long and gallant defence, not by enervation and effeminacy, but by the enormous disparity of force against which they contended.

But without looking more deeply into the cause of ancient prosperity or ruin, as to which we labor under much uncertainty, by reason of the insufficient accuracy and fulness of historical record, we shall find abundant demonstration of our position, in those courses of events which approach nearer to ourselves in point of time, and of which we have fuller and more definite information. In the modern history of nations, then, we cannot fail to be struck with the manifest agency of commerce, in the creation of national wealth and power; for wherever we find commercial activity and enterprise

existing in vigor, we also find national strength and influence exhibited in a high degree; and a decline of this commercial activity immediately followed by a corresponding decadence of population and resources. Look at the states of Italy, for instance—Venice, Tuscany, the Florentine republic, Genoa, and the rest. Time was, when, despite their narrow territorial limits, they stood foremost among the nations in wealth and power; carrying on a most extensive commerce, their ships were found in every sea; their flags were respected, their political influence was paramount, and their great men were proud to bear the title of merchant-princes. But in process of time they neglected the real sources of their power; their rulers began to assume more exclusively the character of princes, and to lay aside that of merchants; they engaged in wars of aggression; and with all this, permitting themselves to be rivalled in their trade by other nations, they descended very quickly to the miserable state of poverty and impotence in which they now exist. Spain, too, once the most commercial country in the world, was also one of the most prosperous and powerful. But in an evil hour the discovery of Columbus laid open to the Spaniards the delusive wealth of Peru and Mexico; and from merchants they became conquerors and robbers. They sought to gain riches by the sword, and ruin followed the accomplishment of their insane desire. Alike in its result, although different in its immediate character, is the evidence afforded by the empire of China. With a territory of immense extent and remarkable fertility; with a dense population, and amply provided with materials and facilities for large and profitable commerce; the genius of their government and of their political institutions has forbidden the Chinese to engage actively in foreign trade, and made them present the singular spectacle of a people refusing to participate in advantages which other nations are appropriating daily before their eyes; resisting the evidence of their own senses, and obstinately rejecting all the admonitions of experience. Their port of Canton, the only one which their jealous government opens to the ships of foreigners, is crowded with vessels from the remotest regions of the earth; yet they send out none; and even the trade which they permit, is so hampered with vexatious and absurd restrictions, that a very large portion of it is carried on clandestinely, and in defiance of laws that only serve to corrupt the people, and show the contemptible imbecility of the government that has the folly to enact, without the power to enforce. In truth, the whole commercial system of China appears to have been framed with the express design to discourage native commerce, by giving the utmost trouble to those who pursue it fairly and openly, and furnishing the strongest possible temptations to foreign smugglers; and we know that such has been the effect. The consequence is, that for centuries China has made no progress in civilization or power; and that, notwithstanding its vast population, and great natural advantages, it is at this moment one of the very weakest and most helpless of all empires; indebted for its existence, in its present form, and for such tranquillity as it enjoys, not to its own ability to defend itself, but simply to the forbearance of more powerful nations; arising partly from their sense of justice, partly from their mutual jealousy, but more than all, probably, from the obvious consideration that, teased and harassed as it is by the 'vermilion edicts' of the emperor, and the bombastic repetitions of the pang and the hoppo, the trade is more profitable now, to foreign nations, than it would be if placed on a different footing, by a change in the constitution and policy of the government.

We might enlarge upon this branch of the proofs in support of our position; taking the instance of every kingdom and country in the world, and showing that its wealth, power, and influence bear a direct ratio to its commerce; but the enumeration would occupy too much space, and we limit ourselves to the two most commercial nations of the earth, Great Britain and the United States; each presenting, but in a different way, the most striking and remarkable illustration of the principle for which we are contending. In the first, we behold one of the greatest powers, occupying the very first rank among the nations, and until very recently holding a sort of recognized supremacy upon the ocean, without any one natural advantage which should secure to it this amplitude of power and dominion. A mere island, of such narrow limits, compared with the other great powers of Europe, that in territorial extent it hold almost the very lowest place; unfavorably situated, at the corner, as it it were, of the eastern hemisphere; with a climate very far from delightful, and a soil, fertile indeed, but extremely limited in the range of its productions; without forests for shipping, or mines of any thing except tin and coal; with scarcely any streams affording water power for the driving of machinery; and, in short, as little indebted to nature for the elements of prosperity and greatness, as the least potential of the petty kingdoms; this small island has for centuries taken the lead of all the world in activity, population, wealth, power, influence, and even splendor; laying every quarter of the globe, every land and every sea, under contribution; wielding the sceptre of dominion over an empire, that, like the tricksy spirit of Shakspeare, 'puts a girdle round about the earth,' and giving laws to millions upon millions of every race and language under heaven. It boasts a navy, which, until within the last twenty years, was greater than those of all the other powers united, and more than once has maintained long and successful war, single-handed, not only against the most powerful and warlike of the continental powers, but against several of them in combination; and finally, in its last and greatest struggle, it was able to resist, and ultimately to overcome, the greatest soldier of modern times, before whose power all the other kingdoms of Europe had gone down in succession, and whose vast armies at one time included legions from almost every nation between the Baltic and the Mediterranean, the Atlantic ocean and the continent of Asia.

Such is the power of England; and the wealth by which it is supported is of the same gigantic measure. And this wealth and power are the immediate fruit of commerce. By commerce, the latter is acquired, and the former is sustained; and so long as the commercial supremacy of England is kept up, so long will that little island continue to be the first among nations—the arbiter of empires, and the wonder of mankind.

Oh! what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive!

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

AMERICAN SLAVERY AS IT IS, &c.

I recently purchased this book, containing I think, about 220 pages, so large and so densely printed, as to require more time for the perusal, than almost any octavo volume. I have read, or rather heard, in course, about one half, and expect to finish it when opportunities favor. My conviction is, that, if the statements are correct, the publication was not only justifiable, but meritorious; and that the cause of philanthropy will be promoted by reading the book, and giving it circulation. To justify this opinion, I would in the first place observe, that, in so doing, we should pursue the course that is generally pursued in effecting important changes in the customs of society, whether moral or political. It is by investigating and exposing prevalent evils, that those energies are to be excited, combined, and directed, which are necessary to remove those evils. It is the course, which has been pursued in the temperance reform; it was the course, in which the philanthropic Howard gathered his unfading laurels. Indeed, it seems to be justified not only by the common consent of mankind, but by the necessity of the case. The builder in order to determine whether it be advisable to repair or demolish an old fabric, must search into and expose its rotten or decayed parts; and the surgeon would not be thought very wise, nor very humane, who should apply his remedies, without examining the wound or the sore, though the probing might be attended with pain. As little can we expect that the evils of slavery will be cured, till they are thoroughly exposed.

As to the contents of the book we are reviewing, they are unnaturally appalling; and the evidence is so authentic, so positive, and so various, that I do not see how it is to be questioned, without renouncing all confidence in human testimony. It is derived from a multitude of friends and foes; from the public journals of the slave states, and the records of their legislation. The accumulation of horrors, which the book contains, exceeds, I think, anything which has fallen within the compass of my reading, not excepting the barbarities of savage revenge, the history of persecution by Nero and other Roman emperors, or the atrocities of the Spanish inquisitions, and I do not know whether all this might not be affirmed if one fourth part were deducted on the supposition of absolute falsehood, and another fourth part for exaggeration. If the evidence be generally credible, a very great proportion of the plantation slaves are worked to death; that is, their lives are very much abridged by excessive toil, a scanty supply of food, uncomfortable lodging, and other hardships. Thousands of them are severely scourged almost every night or morning, for the nonperformance of tasks, which it is scarcely possible they should accomplish. For trivial offences, they often receive from fifty to a hundred lashes, every one of which is said to draw blood, and many of them cut gashes some inches in length.

All those things, it may be said, do not prove that the slaves are not generally treated with humanity. That many are comfortably fed and moderately worked, and in many other respects kindly treated, I have no doubt; but there is one consideration, which shows in a glaring light the horrors of southern slavery, as a general thing; neither law nor public sentiment, in many places, affords the slave any protection from the greatest tortures, that can be inflicted. He may be shot, he may be worked to death, or he may be whipped to death, and his oppressor may neither feel, nor fear any punishment. In the hundred pages I have read, I believe more than a hundred murders are stated, and many of them by scourging, from three to five hundred lashes; and no instance, I think, is mentioned, in which any such murderer has been tried for a capital offence; while it is generally stated that there was no prosecution whatever.

Are these accumulated facts, and all the evidence by which they are supported, to be neutralised by the negative testimony of Northern men, who have been to the South, and perhaps spent months or years there, without witnessing any extraordinary cruelties? What if, on the contrary, they see the slaves, who fall in their way, generally well clothed and fed? The object of kind words and smiling looks? These travellers I suppose, seldom visit the plantations, which are generally remote from public roads. They would not probably be invited to visit any, which were not favorable specimens of the slavery system; nor is it probable that the planters or the overseers would choose such a time for inflicting cruel punishment on their slaves. The severest parent, who is not wanting in the first principles of civility, as well as self-respect, will not whip, nor even scold at one of his children, in the presence of a visitor, whose feelings would be hurt by it. In our courts of justice, negative evidence is allowed little or no weight, when opposed to positive and unsuspicious testimony. As little, I think, can it be allowed in the court of common experience. I may have been conversant for many years with a man, from whom I never heard a profane oath; and yet the positive testimony of a credible witness, that he frequently indulged in profaneness, would not be in the slightest degree affected by what I should say on the subject. A soldier may have served in a war of several years, and never been in battle, or seen an individual fall by a shot; but this would have no effect in disproving that multitudes are slaughtered in war.

To close my remarks, which may perhaps be thought too partial, it may not be amiss to observe, that for several years after the Immediate Abolitionists began their opperations, I was opposed to their principle, and to the manner, in which they urged it. To this day, indeed, I regret that their course, in some respects, has not been more conciliatory, both to opponents and neutrals. My mind, however, has undergone a gradual change, and it has been produced by reading on both sides every thing that came within my reach, from which I might hope to derive aid in forming an impartial judgment. I have considered the sources of evidence, and endeavored to make proper allowances on both sides for the various circumstances, that might lead to exaggeration, on extenuation; and the result has been, that I now believe in the safety, the expediency, and the duty of abolishing, as soon as it can be done by moral and constitutional means, the system, which is evidently at war with the fundamental principles of our Constitution, that 'all men are born free and equal;' that principle, in which the North and the South have a common interest, and by which they are laid under common responsibilities. Whether the same course would have the same effect on other minds, equally prepossessed and equally honest, it would not become me to say; most cordially, however would I unite with the editor of the Register, in urging the constant exercise of candor in all discussions of this subject, and would ask, whether the Abolitionists, as a party, have been more deficient in that grace than their opponents have been? What shall we make of the general silence of our journals and periodicals, in regard to the epoch of the most signal event of modern times, the first of August, 1838, which came and went, while a very great proportion of the community were in total ignorance that it was to be distinguished from any other day? Were the editors ignorant of what had been done for the emancipation of such multitudes of their fellow men? or did they suppose the prejudices of their subscribers so general and so unrelenting, that they would endanger their patronage by the publication of authentic facts in regard to a grand experiment, the result of which must inevitably have a mighty effect, either in strengthening, or weakening the cause of Abolition in our own country? Finally, I would ask, why should not the course of this experiment be attentively observed, and the results, both favorable and unfavorable, fairly stated for the information of the people that every citizen may have the means of forming a correct judgement on the subject?

As the preceding remarks and suggestions are at variance with some sentiments, to which the Register seems to have set the seal of its approbation, you, Sir, have a right to know who the author is, at least if you give them a place in your paper; and I am willing to bear the responsibility of them in the view of the public, though it may sink me in the estimation of many, with whom I wish to stand well; therefore I subscribe not a fictitious, but a real name.

SAMUEL WILLARD.

Deerfield, Aug. 16, 1839.

REPOSING IN HOPE.—The tranquillity of a mind, gradually reposing in the dearest hopes of a better world, is an enjoyment that cannot be purchased at too dear a rate. It is not easy sufficiently to value the peaceful close of busy life, provided that repose is founded on the right views of Christian hopes, looking beyond the grave: the mist of doubt and perplexities dissipated in the meridian splendor of the gospel truth: the storms of life softening into silence; the delirium of pleasure and the dreams of dissipation fled, and the freed mind resigned to the dictates of reason; and the wounds of conscience cured by the balm of eternal love; the heart, lacerated by the loss of those once so dear to us, patiently waiting in full expectation of re-union never more to be broken; every angry passion hushed into peace; the evils of life sunk into resignation to the divine will; the fervent desires of the renovated heart approaching to the verge of never-ending enjoyments, and the whole soul reposing on the bosom of a Savior's love.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.—If there could be an intermediate space between inspired and uninspired writings, that space would be occupied by Leighton. No show of learning, no appearance or ostentatious display of eloquence, and yet both may be shown in him, conspicuously and holily. There is in him something that must be felt, even as the Scripures must be felt. Next to the inspired Scriptures, yea, and as the vibration of that once struck hour remaining on the air, stands Archbishop Leighton's Commentary on the First Epistle of Peter.

To the Editor of the Christian Register.

Sir—Thinking that a description of the late excursion to Needham, enjoyed by the teachers and children of the Hancock Sunday School, might not perhaps be uninteresting to some of your readers, I have attempted to write one, in verse, supposing that in this form it might be more acceptable. Should you think it worthy, notwithstanding its imperfections, to occupy a place in your columns, it is at your disposal.

Now comes the anticipated morn. And,
Forth issuing from the consecrated spot,
Where oft, for holy purposes, convene
The teacher and the taught, may now be seen
That self-same band—a bright and happy throng,
Quitting the noisy, bustling haunts of men,
To seek, 'mid nature's scenes, far purer joys,
Than in our city's crowded walks are found.
And soon, with nimble footsteps, hurrying on,
We reach the cars—all ready to receive
And waft us onward to our calm retreat.
Quickly we 're seated, but we soon alight;
For, such their speed, that soon our journey 's o'er.
And now, our feet the green earth gladly press.
Proceeding onward, we ascend the hill,
Upon whose summit stands that lovely grove,
Selected by our teachers with much care.
Here stationed, we pause awhile, to view the spot.
But soon ascends the voice of prayer and praise;
For, surely it was meet, that, first of all,
To the great Father of the Universe
Our souls should here in gratitude arise.
The prayer and song are ended. And now
Th' apostle to the poor—the children's friend,
Extends to these his sympathies; striving
T' obey the Anointed One's command,
To feed, with pure and holy thoughts, his lambs.
Though brightly rose the glorious sun,
Now had he veiled his splendor. Our friend,
Most happily alluding to this scene,
Asks, that though that shining orb hides now,
Behind the clouds, his bright and dazzling rays,
There yet may be to us perpetual sunshine.
But how is this secured? how can it be,
Unless our youthful spirits be attuned
To what is holy, pure, sublime and beautiful?
The speaker ceases; and, quick dispersing
Now, behold, o'er hills and valleys green,
Skipping, with buoyant steps, and frolicking
Like lambs, the joyous band, in innocent delight,
Some to the swings repair; some to the fields,
Searching for loveliest wild flowers,
With which to deck the place, where has been spread
With busy hands, a bounteous repast.
All now is ready; and, the signal given,
Quickly assemble here the happy group,
The pressing calls of nature, now, to satisfy.
Our grateful feast is o'er. And soon,
Returning to our sports, again are heard
Resounding through the woods, the merry shouts
Of laughter now, or else, in concert raised,
The soft, melodious tones of childhood.
Thus pleasantly engaged, swift flow the hours.
But now, the day departing, reminds us
That the hour draws near, when to that sweet spot
Where first we met, our Father's blessing
To invoke, we shall again repair.
For there await us pleasures, greater far,
Than are amid our gayest hours enjoyed.
And soon, the signal given, we gather there.
Once more assembled, we again unite
In singing to our God a hymn of praise.
Our song is finished. And then we list to him,
Whose voice is ever welcome to our souls,
That voice which speaketh to the heart—at whose sound,
If, within us, there but glows one spark
Of heavenly love, 'tis kindled to a flame.
He speaks; and, with the eye of faith, us points
To our future home—the paradise of God.
He ceases; and now a youthful brother
Takes his place. 'Tis one, whose well known voice
Has oft been raised among this self-same band.
He speaks; recounts their various pleasures o'er;
Tells of a sister of the youthful group,
Who drawn from these scenes by filial love,
Sits by a mother's sick-bed watching, and there
Finds sweeter, more abiding pleasure, far,
Than even we, amid these lovely groves,
In our most joyous hours—Inferring thence
The holier joys of self-sacrifice.
Now, from our city's southern section, comes
A voice;—one, whose tones, in former times,
Were, in the 'Happy Chapel,' often heard,
Discoursing of the structure of the human frame
So wondrous and so beautiful,
Or else, on other themes of holy comfort.
Here now, in this Chapel of our choice,
Whose architect was God, he speaks to us;
Contrasting with our own, our fathers' rougher lot,
Inspiring us with deepest gratitude.
Next speaks the son of Music, one, who oft
Among us, waked the 'sweet-toned melody.'
He comes; and, with his strange, though happy dream
Of guardian angels, makes us almost feel
Their presence, still hovering o'er the spot.
But, th'appointed hour arrives, when, to this grove,
So lovely, we must bid adieu. And now,
The signal given, homeward we wend our way;
And, with grateful hearts, but bodies wearied,
Soon, 'tired Nature's sweet restorer,' seeking,
Are, in the arms of Morpheus, quickly wrapped.

Y.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 7, 1839.

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER FOR SEPTEMBER 1839.

It contains as usual much interesting and useful matter. It will be read, we think, with more than common satisfaction.

Article 1st. *On Reading.* It inculcates much that ought to be heard and felt. Reading is one of the most general and important facts relating to our community. How much time, feeling and energy are thus spent for good or evil! What a tide of influence, excitement and emotion is it constantly pouring through the souls of our people! How much is it doing daily, hourly, to affect either well or ill their dispositions and characters, to injure or improve, to degrade or elevate, to enfeeble or strengthen, to bewilder or enlighten, to fit for duty, trial, honor, or for recreancy, infamy, wretchedness. The principles and requisitions of a severe morality ought to be applied to it. The moralist and the minister of Christ, have here, a high and urgent duty to perform, which we fear they have hardly yet considered. We give a specimen of the writer's remarks.

I must be allowed to contend, that this is a subject worthy of the serious attention of every reflecting reader. It is really lamentable to consider how much reading there is to how little purpose; how many young men and women there are, who spend some hours of almost every day in reading, and go on year after year,—ten, twenty years,—becoming scarcely more intelligent than they were,—thinking of no greater variety of subjects,—bringing forward nothing new in conversation,—studying nothing attentively, and understanding nothing thoroughly. There is no state of mind more common among us, than the feeling of vagueness, uncertainty, imperfectness in our mental acquisitions; the consciousness of not knowing any thing in particular; the disheartening sense of wanting everything like thorough accomplishment; and this comes from our desultory, purposeless, useless reading. Professional men suffer less from this cause, since they are compelled to study and to know something more perfectly. And yet, how many professional men are cheated and beguiled by novels and magazines, from the high path of destiny! Every person who reads much, I must be allowed to say, should undertake to know something thoroughly,—Chemistry, or Botany, or History; or the sciences of the fine arts; or the principle and philosophy of his own occupation. It is much more common in foreign society than in ours, for every person to be an adept in some one thing. Not every one sings, and plays upon an instrument, and draws and paints a little, and has a smattering of French and Italian, and twenty things more; but every one can do something well,—can draw well, or has a cabinet of minerals, or a collection of insects, and can talk well upon some branch of natural history, or can, at least, well recite or read from Shakspeare or Scott, and thus contribute something worth having to the pleasure and improvement of society. Here we are taught—and such is the course of our schools too—to know everything in general, and nothing in particular—to know everything ill, and nothing well.

Our (social) vaulting ambition

'O'erleaps itself and falls on t'other side.'

And it falls into a sort of intellectual limbo; where all is vague and misty. Or it falls, if you please, into an ocean of books and a vortex of society, where we are whirled about,—now snatching at this and now darting at that,—and then driven another way,—and altogether making no progress in the intellectual voyage, in which we are sent upon the sea of time to the ocean of eternity. Our modern world is so crowded and clamorous with objects, interests, and distracting devices, that it has become a matter of special importance to every mind's progress, that it should have an aim and course. We have to learn, at least many of us, what calmness, fixedness of thought, concentrativeness of mind, mean; and our modern habits of reading, and our modern literature indeed,—sacrificing almost everything to entertainment,—have very little tendency to teach us. It would be the best thing that could happen to most minds around us, to be rigidly shut up, for two or three months, to a single wise book, and thus to be obliged to study one thing.

Article 2nd. *Unitarian Controversies.* Truly, we are opposed on all sides, by all sects and sorts of people, from his grace, the Archbishop of York, to the last convert of the camp-meeting, from the cabinet of religious princes, to that of the kitchen. None so spiritually poor that they do not at least, feel amply able to give us a rich scourging. Well, we must, we suppose, continue to bear it. And it does not in fact trouble us much. It only grieves us to behold the folly, impudence and arrogance of those who call themselves Christians. Stripes may do much for us. Their virtue is pungent, but none the less needful. Our fathers in the pursuit of freedom, did not fear the loud waves of the Atlantic, and shall we fear the loud reproaches of mortal man? Were there not a God and a Judge in the heavens, we might fear him and his puny thunders—but so long as we are convinced there is, nothing he can do or say, will disturb us. We have made our hearts warm and strong by contemplating the fires in which martyrs have expired. We do not apprehend therefore, they will fail us in any trial that may await us. Christianity is itself a controversy with error, sin and the world. The blood of Jesus was shed in controversy. The cross is a sign of controversy with all that is false, wrong and wicked. Virtue has its conflicts as well as truth. Heaven and its glories must be *won*. The plane of the universe is a field of warfare. Let us never shun fair and intelligent controversy. We ever gain while our opposers lose by it. Truth and its friends have nothing to fear, and every thing to hope. In regard to this of Liverpool, we should judge that it was not very satisfactory to either party. But we have no doubt some good will come of it. The passage we quote, is from a discourse by Mr Martineau on the Bible. The article is pleasing and able.

'We are warned that 'the Bible is *not* a shifting, mutable, uncertain thing.' We echo the warning, with this addition, that Christianity *is* a progressive thing; not a doctrine dead, and embalmed in creeds but a spirit living and impersonated in Christ. Two things are necessary to a revelation: its record, which is permanent; its readers, who perpetually change. From the collision of the lesson and the mind on which it drops, starts up the living religion that saves the soul within, and acts on the theatre of the world without. Each eye sees what it can, and what it needs; each age develops a new and nobler idea from the immortal page. We are like children, who, in reading a book above their years, pass innocently and unconsciously over that which is not suited to their state. In this divine tale of Christ, every class and every period seizes, in succession, the views and emotions which most meet its wants. It is with Scripture as with Nature. The everlasting heavens spread above the gaze of Herschel, as they did over that of Abraham: yet the latter saw but a spangled dome, the former a forest of innumerable worlds. To the mind of this profound observer, there was as much a *new creation*, as if those heavens had been, for the time, called up and spread before his sight. And thus is it with the Word of God. As its power and beauty develop themselves continually, it is as if Heaven were writing it now, and leaf after leaf dropped directly from the skies. Nor is there any heresy like that, which denies this progressive unfolding of divine wisdom, shuts up the spirit of heaven in the verbal metaphysics and scholastic creeds of a half-barbarous period,—treats the inspiration of God as a dry piece of antiquity, and cannot see that it communes afresh with the soul of every age; and sheds, from the living Fount of truth, a guidance ever new.'

Article 3d. *The writings of Henry More D. D.* at is very interesting. We feel much curiosity to examine these writings. Why will not the author of this piece make and publish a selection? It would be a good, and for him, an easy work—certainly if he can find much like the specimens he has given. More well says, the most superstitious and debased worship to be found is a proof of the existence of God.

'For as the plying of a dog's feet in his sleep, as if there were some game before him, and the butting of a young lamb, before he has got either horns or enemies to encounter, would not be in nature, were there not such a thing as a hare to be coursed, or an enemy to be encountered with horns; so there would not be an exercise of religious worship in the world, though it be done never so ineptly and foolishly, were there not really a due object of this worship, and a capacity in man for the right performance thereof: which could not be, unless there were a God. But the truth is, man's soul, in this drunken, drowsy condition she is in, has fallen asleep in the body, and, like one in a dream, talks to the bed-posts, embraces the pillow instead of her friend,—falls down before statues instead of adoring the eternal and invisible God: prays to stocks and stones instead of speaking to Him, that by his word created all things.'—B. 1. Chap. X.

Of the use of reason in religion, he says—

'To take away Reason, therefore, under what fanatic pretence soever, is to disrobe the priest, and despoil him of his breast plate, and, which is worst of all, to rob Christianity of that special prerogative it has above all other religions in the world: namely, that it dares appeal unto Reason. Which as many as understand the true interest of our religion will not fail to stick closely to, the contrary betraying it to the unjust suspicion of falsehood, and equalizing it to every vain impostor. For take away Reason, and all religions are alike true; as the light being removed, all things are of one color. Nay, which is worst of all, that religion which is the truest will seem the falsest in this superinduced darkness, it so strictly and positively declaring itself to be the only true. Which will not by any means be allowed, nor can any way be discovered in that region of midnight, which makes all things look alike.—*General Preface*, pp. v., vi.

The righteousness attached to forms and opinions, he says is very liable to draw the attention from its inward reality.

'And they will the more easily abstain from it, there being another poisonous viand, that swells them, so that they are ready to burst again, which is that highly esteemed knowledge called orthodoxness, *or rightness of opinion*, of which the apostle said, 'knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth.' This seems so glorious in their eyes, that they fancy themselves angels of light, and fit to enter into the presence of God, if they be but neatly and elegantly trimmed up in these fine ornaments of Orthodoxality. Besotted fools, blind and carnal, that think to recommend themselves to the Majesty of Heaven by being arrayed in these motley coats, that striped stuff of their own spinning. They think themselves fully possessed of the life of Christ, and that they are very choicely religious, though charity to their neighbor be cold, and they have attained to no measure of true righteousness and holiness. Herein chiefly lies the mystery of hypocrisy, in all the churches of Christendom, counting all pious that are but zealous for the ways and opinions of their own sect; and those that are not for it, be they never so unblamable and cordial Christians, they are either hated as heretics, or at best pitied for poor moralists, mere natural men.'—p. 494.

Article 4th. *Channing on war.* It has many fine remarks. Its views we think are correct, as our readers will see as soon as we can find room to publish an article we wrote sometime since on the proposed Congress of Nations. We give a passage full of truth.

'We believe that there are causes at work in society which must eventually put an end to war. Some of these causes we have pointed out. They are interwoven with the whole texture of modern civilization. They are the natural growth of the age. The arts, the sciences, the literature, and above them all, the business of the world, are on the side of peace. While war, a relic of barbarism, consecrated by the memories of the past, borrowing from the past almost everything which commends it to the present, must be disguised, tricked out with adventitious finery, overlaid and surrounded by objects which may conceal, or lead us to forget its real character.

But the mere fact, that the interest and ambition of the world are turned into new channels is not a sufficient ground of hope to those who, in the extinction of war, look for the highest welfare of man. A Chinese peace, a Chinese civilization, is more to be deprecated than the wars which for the last ten centuries have agitated Europe. In the midst of them all there has been progress. Great principles have been called out; great truths unfolded; great rights established; and it is only to the more general acknowledgment of these principles and rights that we can look for any solid improvement. War with all its terrors and crimes is not, and has not been, the crying evil of the world. In it is much to relieve its darkness. For the nation, which is ready to sacrifice property and life for only an imaginary right, or even from passion, there is more hope than for the people who, from fear or avarice, dare not maintain their rights by the sword. And if, as there is danger, this is the condition into which we are to be thrown by the extinction of war, let the days of barbarism return. Let our ships be taken, our villages burnt, our green fields drenched and fattened by the blood of ourselves and our brethren.

It is only as truth and virtue prevail, that we can hope, or should even desire, the extinction of any of the great evils which prey upon society. The curse, which attends every species of crime, is one of the provisions which the providence of God has ordained for its destruction. The effects of self-indulgence, of intemperance, are painful in the extreme. But painful as their effects may be, we should not break one link of that chain which binds them to sorrow, pain, death, as their inevitable results. And so with respect to war. It is one of the consequences which the divine mercy has ordained for the correction of the evil passions from which it springs. Let not the curse be separated from its source. So long as the love of unhallowed power or fame is a part of the national character, and men look up with reverence to their destroyers, so long let war, like a visible hell, following upon the footsteps of crime, scourge it out from the earth.

It is only as the agents of a higher spirit that outward influences can accomplish their true end. Christianity must go forward with them, must purify, direct, inspire them in their work. Without this, no desirable revolution can take place. War, if banished, will only make room for evils more dreadful than itself. The love of power, which marches to its throne through blood, is less to be feared than the ambition which, by civil means, by bribery and corruption, by appeals to low and sinful passions, builds its greatness, not on the wreck of armies, but on the ruin of the soul itself; which gathers strength not by the waste of fields and villages,—they may be restored,—but by the desolation, beyond hope, of all that is pure, and true, and just in immortal principles of the soul.'

Miscellany. Scenes in Judea. We anticipate a renewal of the high and unalloyed gratification we derived from the letters from Palmyra. We have little fear of disappointment—though perhaps it would have been too much to demand of Virgil another Æneid.

Biographical Notices of Mr Charles Hayward and Mr Samuel T. Hildreth. We have been peculiarly afflicted. Three of our most promising young men, in quick succession, have been taken from us, their beautiful light, which gave evidence of becoming so bright and powerful, quenched in its early dawn. The selectest gifts and influences of the spirit were given them, it seems, only the more to raise and disappoint our hopes. But why regret? They are not lost. Their moral and intellectual beauty, force and excellence exist, act and bless somewhere. Their beneficent influence is still felt and is increasing. The universe is better, happier, richer, for their existence. As its heirs our inheritance is of more worth. It may be, some other mansion needed their presence and labors more than this. We thank God for these most affecting and lovely displays of himself, his own more peculiar glory, though so brief.

DR BANCROFT.

We did not become acquainted with this most venerable and excellent man, till he was nearly eighty years of age. But we deem it one of the fortunate circumstances of our life, that we have been permitted personally to know him, though so briefly. The clearness, the keen intelligence, the wisdom and liberality of his mind—the simplicity, energy and elevation of his character, have left impressions, that will not, we trust, soon be removed. We ever felt, while with him, a pure, benign, superior influence pervading our being. For the time we rose above the things of the world and had our conversation in heaven. It mattered not what was the subject about which he conversed. We felt the quickening influence of the same moral vigor, greatness, magnanimity. And, the moment his image rises in our mind we think of whatever things are lovely, noble, holy and beneficent. The knowledge of such a character does more to confirm our faith in immortality than all the books ever written on the subject. While in its presence we *feel* that there is a beauty, a power, a worth that cannot perish. The supposition that they will ever cease to be, seems almost to involve an impossibility. We are deeply impressed with the conviction that they are everlasting, that though all things else may decay, they will bloom on in perpetual freshness, vigor and youth. He, that liveth and believeth in Jesus, shall never die. We can in some degree, realise this sublime truth. A soul, that has long lived in the spirit and faith of Jesus, carries about the signatures and pledges of its immortality. The light of a loftier existence and a higher world shines through and around it. It never grows old. It is renewed day by day. While the body fails, it more and more demonstrates, its unearthly nature and destiny. It is filled with a kind of life which can never die. The life of the body, of passion, appetite, pride, selfishness, vain glory will, *must* die. But the life of conscience and benevolence cannot die. The love of, and the thirst after excellence, true honor and glory, cannot die. The life of disinterested affection, of piety, holiness, godliness cannot die. Immortality is in its very essence. It is born of heaven. It came down from hence and will return to its source. Its springs are eternal. While in converse with those who so believe and have their being, we *feel* that we are susceptible of a life, which cannot perish. We want not other evidence. We then understand the words of Jesus. And such was Dr Bancroft. He lived and believed in Jesus, and while with him we were persuaded he would never die. Immortality was, for the time at least, a reality, with us.—His ministerial course and success deserve the study of every clergyman. Destitute of those more brilliant qualities, that excite and attract, he surpassed most in the permanent results of his labors. He put in operation none of that imposing machinery, which now is so much relied on to improve individuals and society. In what then consisted his power? In his faith and fortitude—in his simplicity and sincerity—in demonstrations of a true and honest spirit—in the respect and confidence he ever inspired—in his moderation and profound sense—in his patience and perseverance—in the superior dignity, energies and elements of his character. He had little regard for much that is now highly esteemed among some men. He did not suffer himself to be disturbed by an ambitious array of new and more exciting modes and means. His sun was not enticed or driven from its cherished sphere. In majestic tranquillity it declined and sunk into the ocean of eternity. His success was not immediate. But this did not move him. In calm reliance on the power of truth and the moral providence of God he kept on the even tenor of his way. He knew that *in due season* he should reap if he fainted not. And he did reap a rich harvest. Such an example is of great worth in these days of feverish desire and unwise anticipation of immediate and striking results.

Dr Bancroft was one of the first Unitarian preachers in this country. For more than half a century he dispensed the simple truth amid much to deter and discourage—weakness within and violent foes without. But we are told he never wavered for a moment. His convictions strengthened as his years increased. He counted nothing dear unto himself, in comparison with the joy and glory of proclaiming and spreading the plain doctrines of the gospel. If we needed any thing of the kind, could we not find much here to assure our minds before man and God? Did he suffer so much excellence and intelligence to remain so long in pernicious error? Did he not do the works? and did he not know of the doctrine? Did the self-denials, sacrifices, trials, struggles, prayers, studies of so many years, do nothing to enlighten his mind, to lead him to acknowledge of the truth? If he grossly missed it, who will not give up its search in despair? Does not the faith of such men deserve some respect, some deference? Will not those, who are so far beneath them in every acquisition, that adorns, sanctifies and dignifies humanity, hesitate before they cast reproach upon it? But we have already said much more than we intended when taking our pen to introduce the following beautiful lines.*

LINES

Written to be laid on the grave of the Rev. Dr Bancroft, on the evening of Aug. 23d.

Shine calmly, moonbeams! on this sacred bed,
Where rests, at last, the aged Christian's head:
Here sleeps no common dust, with honor laid
In saddest silence 'neath the wild wood's shade;
But tried—oh! fully tried—and brightly pure
The soul that did its bondage long endure!
Clear mind—kind heart—to God all humbly given
Wove the strong wings which bore that soul to Heaven.

Hush'd is the anthem's mournful swell—and hush'd
The voice that spoke his worth—while silent gush'd
Tears in the crowded House of God! You bell
I hear no longer with its solemn knell;
The tread of many a mourner's foot hath pass'd
And Loneliness her seat resumes at last,
'Mid dropping dews and cold sepulchral urns,
Till in the golden east the red sun burns.

Then, as with pilgrim foot, the good shall come,
Some, with sad filial tears, with musings some,
Where lie his reverend locks, all still and low,
And thus the current of deep thought shall flow;
'Oh, noble relic of a passing race!
New England's aged pastors! though we trace
On time-enduring marble thy dear name,
A holier tribute still thy virtues claim.'

'Wedded—baptiz'd—or taught at least, by thee,
Lo! in our lives, thy monument shall be,
So that from yonder skies thy mild regard
May claim and win us yet, thy toil's reward!
Just—patient—gentle—holy in our ways,
Could we but copy what we love and praise,
Then, parted Saint, like thee, we should not shrink
From sorrow, pain, lone age, or *this* dark brink!'

'What though the spark etherial in *our* clay
Be of an humbler fire—a fainter ray?
God will the diff'rence mark, and suit the task.
Love-chastened as thou wert, *thy* powers might ask
A fiercer conflict and a longer race,
Strengthening and brightening still before man's face,
Till in thy holy inward power and light,
Thy finished glory kindled in our sight!'

We find some particulars of his early history, in a notice of his Half-Century Discourse, printed in the Christian Examiner, in 1836, and written by Rev. Dr Brazer, of Salem:

The religious society, with whose fortune he has been, from the first and through the whole course of his ministry, associated, was composed of seceders from the first parish of the town of Worcester. They consisted of sixty seven men; most of whom were heads of families, and among them was a large proportion of the professional and distinguished men of the town, and a fair proportion of the farmers and mechanics. Stated public worship was begun in March, 1785. A church was organized, and the pastor ordained in February, 1786.

The embarrassment and trials, to which this early association of Liberal Christians was exposed, are perhaps without a parallel on similar enterprises at a later day. The revolutionary war had just closed. Paper money became no money at all. The fruits and products of the earth were of little value as exchangeable commodities. Taxes were high, and creditors were importunate. Under this general pressure, it was deemed inexpedient to assess an annual sum upon the parish, and monthly contributions were resorted to. The minister was, afterwards, compelled to settle with the members of his society severally, when and how he could,—and why this alone did not break down his spirits, we cannot well understand. When a church was afterwards to be built, the experiment was thought to be too hazardous to be entered upon, unless the pastor would consent to relinquish one third of his legal salary, which, in the whole, was only five hundred dollars. —This he complied with.

'My income (says Dr Bancroft, in his discourse) from the parish being quite inadequate to the support of a family, I was obliged to have recourse to extraneous means. We for years received as many boarders as our house would accommodate. I assisted several youth in their preparation for college or qualifying themselves for useful stations in busy life; through a long period I admitted in the forenoons of week days a number of the daughters and relatives of parishioners into my study, and gave them the best instruction in my power. The publication of Washington's Life yielded some profit; during several years I officiated as editor of one or another of our public journals.'

The society as a body, always seem to have duly appreciated the value of this excellent man and exemplary minister. Its almost unbroken harmony during the long period of fifty years.—long indeed for the endurance of any human connexion, and this too, amidst such discouraging and perplexing circumstances is equally honorable to minister and people. In the earlier periods of their connexion, moreover, he was continually receiving presents of various kinds, according to the ability and circumstances of the donors, which, considered as expressions of their respect and regard, of course possessed a value a hundred-fold beyond their own. And during the continental war in Europe, when all the means of livelihood rose greatly in price, he was aided by special grants, and subsequently, as the society increased in numbers and resources, additions to his salary were made.

Still his efforts and sacrifices during the greater part of his ministry must have been great and trying indeed. His fidelity to his religious principles, and the firmness and consistency with which he maintained them, exposed him to the suspicion, or ill-concealed odium, or what is scarcely better, the constrained courtesies of a large part of those, whose Christian sympathy, he felt he had a right to enjoy. The condition of his society seemed to be repeatedly in a precarious state. Add to this, his professional income was wholly inadequate to his support. He was debarred, both by a sense of propriety and by a just deference to popular opinion, from all subsidiary means of increasing it, except those few and scanty ones, which were not considered disreputable to his clerical profession, but which nevertheless, must have been pursued at the expense of time and labor which he would gladly have devoted to his appropriate duties and studies of a clergyman. A large family was dependent upon his sole exertions. Year after year, though passed in earnest labor, and in the practice of the strictest economy, and with every species of self-denial and retrenchment that his character as a gentleman and the claims of Christian hospitality would permit, he found his resouces more and more straitened. He and his, like others, were subjected to the calamity of sickness with all its additional demands on a narrow income. But it is absolutely painful for us to go into this detail. Enough has been said for those who have the heart to interpret it; and we have no words that will reach those who have them not.—We allude to these circumstances here, mainly for the purpose of paying our humble tribute of respect to the Christian heroism of this venerable man, who, through successive years, in Godly simplicity and Godly sincerity, cheerfully, consistently, honorably, pursued the path of duty, thorny and rugged as it was; always faithful at his post, always the fearless assertor and champion of what he deemed to be the truth; always sustained by the approbation of his conscience; always looking to God, his present witness and final Judge, in a clear, settled, and filial trust. This *is* self-sacrifice indeed, and not its wordy semblance. And it seems to us there is more of a genuine spirit, and steady manhood, more of truly high endeavor, more of really elevated sentiment in this calm, earnest, unfaltering devotion to the humble duties of his place and station, than is required in a host of that vulgar race of heroes, whom the world delights to honor.

* We wish the accomplished author would frequently favor *us* and *our* readers.

MR MOTTE'S SERMON. Printed for the Sabbath school.

There is much in this discourse that we like and approve. We agree with the author in his estimate of books of theology for children. What possible good can they do? Are their tender minds capable of the processes demanded? Will not such efforts and contemplations be likely to perplex and depress them? May not false ideas be thus fastened upon them, the results of which shall be most sad? May not the seeds of future scepticism be sown in their hearts? Are they capable of any adequate conceptions in regard to these things? And will they not then probably be more injured than benefitted? Is it well to darken by clouds of metaphysics, the bright landscapes of childhood? Is not the religion of feeling and affection enough for this period of life? Or must they be puffed up with knowledge? Can we imagine that Jesus ever called little children around him or took them in his arms and discoursed to them about the attributes of God or the relations and divinity of his own nature? He did not teach his grown disciples in this formal, didactic manner. He endeavored, at all times, to throw around them and baptise them in holy influences. But he seldom preached to them. And when he did, his discourse is rather remarkable for the pure and sublime impression it makes than for the definite instruction it imparts. We should suppose it might be sufficient that a child forms pleasant and reverential associations with religious matters and the things of God. Leave doctrines for these times of trial and struggle, when all there is within seems summoned to grapple with the mysteries of life and the universe, to build its house on a rock. And these days come sooner or later to all. And then this precocious theology is of no avail. It may increase the severity of the conflict. The spirit *must work out its own salvation*, or salvation it will never know. And all the way we can assist it is, not by forestalling its conclusions, but by strengthening its powers. But there appears to be a rage for teaching. There are too many hands on the souls of the young. Noble characters are not made with hands. They are not born of the will of man but of God. And it is written they shall be all taught of God. But we sometimes fear this still teaching of the spirit may be lost amid the confusion of tongues. We doubt if books are the elect channels through which he pours his grace. The beautiful robes of holiness are not woven in looms of man's invention. And the brows, on which will sparkle a crown of glory, bear not his superscription. It seems to be forgotten that reason, conscience, experience, life and the world are divinely appointed teachers and that a holy spirit is abroad to enlighten and sanctify. Yes, the whole responsibility is on us. Dogmatic, moral artisans abound. The means of gaining a revenue of heavenly treasure are reduced to a system. And every one appears capable of making angels rejoice and of clothing frail humanity with a divine nature. We would not be misunderstood. There are few if any, that think more highly of instruction in general or of the young in particular than we do. And we have a great respect for all faithfully engaged in this work of love. But too much may be expected from positive teaching. Children's minds may be forced and perverted. We want right, wise, rather than much teaching. And in particular, their religious sensibilities should be approached with modesty and respect. God is in the young spirit—for of such is his kingdom. We may well fear our earthly, rude voices will only disturb—do more harm than good. We confess there is a prevailing familiarity and confidence in the style of speaking on this subject, that are any thing but pleasant. It is discussed with as much apparent assurance as the most ordinary matter. But we must remember that great is the mystery of an immortal soul and of the godliness which makes it blessed. And considering that we ourselves see but darkly, we should not be too sure that we can impart the true light even to babes. And while in their sinless years, they are holding joyous, undisturbed communion with their father in heaven, we may hope they will not suffer much if we do not *crowd* their minds with our teachings. The following passage from the Sermon contains much good sense.

'All parents do not understand this. They do not see how a happy child is, as such, on the way to make a religious man. They think they know what a happy child means, and what a religious child must be; but they see no coincidence between the two. They see a child happy, they suppose, when its fancies and whims are indulged, when it is amused by sports without thought and care, light hearted and unrestrained by reflection about any thing so solemn as religion. On the contrary they see a child religious, as they suppose,—and they may value religion for their children,—when it has a catechism in its hand, or is spelling out a chapter of the Bible, or repeating a prayer; when it is listening to a lecture, or shut up in a devotional meeting, or conversing about the thorny points of controversial divinity. They think they must teach, formally and elaborately and painfully teach their child religion, inculcate profound theories and complicated systems of faith; and thus make as entire a separation as can be effected between religion and naturalness. Religion must be a matter of artificialness and restraint of mind and body both. Accordingly we hear of Dogmatics for Children published. We read advertisements of bodies of theology adapted to the tender minds of infants. And children are set down to these, to study out tasks in dark rooms and confined air. And what wonder then if a child's religion is supposed to mean principally going to church, to sit long in constrained postures, or discussing polemic riddles in Sabbath schools.

If the little thing's spontaneous buoyancy of spirits is not quite repressed, and it is recognized that religion should be cheerful, yet it is a cheerfulness in fetters and according to rule. Free and natural outbursts of joyous feeling are rather feared. But the child should sometimes, at least, be encouraged to unrestrained gaiety, within the bounds of innocence, woven up with the thought of the goodness of God: or it will learn to feel, whenever it is called upon to remember its Creator in the days of its youth, as if the evil days were come in that call, and the years to say, I have no pleasure in them.

The best theology for our children is to fill their hearts with joyous love to all about them. For will they not learn so to love God as soon as he is pointed out the best of the beings about them, and the giver of them and of all good? Better exercise their good affections in general, than indoctrinate them in the subtilties of any metaphysical creed. Of a child especially it may be said,

'He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.'

Make them harmlessly happy in any way, and then just hint to them significantly that they owe it to Him who formed them and the objects of their delight, and that they can no longer be happy than while they are good and affectionate. Lead them out into beautiful nature above all things. They will soon learn to love the works of the Creator when associated with their sports: and thus you have done much to secure both piety and virtue; for the quiet and quieting love of nature is incompatible with the turmoil of a vicious mind.

INSTALLATION AT SANDWICH.—Rev. E. P. Crafts has been invited to become the Pastor of the Congregational Church in Sandwich, and the Installation is to take place on the 18th inst. Sermon by the Rev. Mr Young of Boston.

TRUTH MADE SIMPLE; being the first volume of a system of Theology for children. By Rev. John Todd.

Mr. Todd enjoys a good deal of reputation, as a writer. We are sorry that he is about to sacrifice it in the series of works he proposes to publish. Seriously to attempt the construction of a system of Theology for children implies a disregard of common sense that must be fatal to its possessor. We respect Mr. Todd's motives. But we have lost all confidence in his judgment. He has embarked on a most hazardous enterprise.

The volume before us affords no proof that the author is able to surmount the difficulties of his undertaking. It is full of inaccuracies both of philosophy and of expression. It is vague and discursive. A grown up person rises from its perusal with a feeling of weariness and dissatisfaction. We do not believe a child *would* wade through it. Should he do so, it would be to no good purpose.

We will give a few illustrations. The fifth lecture in the work is intended to enforce the truth that God is wise. A single instance taken from the natural world would have been sufficient for this. Mr. Todd thinks otherwise. The table of contents for his lecture is as follows: 'David—The soul wants a house—The soul's servants—The telescope—The eye more curious—How the eye keeps clean and safe—The frame of the house—The man of steel—The curious chain—The pump—Little channels—The house repaired—Witnesses against poison—The blood—The daily physician—Why we are without dress—The elephant's head—The oyster—The muscle—The little bird—Birds wear spectacles—Little mill—Elephant's trunk—The rein deer—The whale's great coat—The clamp fish—Food prepared everywhere—The ship of the desert—The soft spongy foot—The little songster—The shark—The plot friend—Very small watch—The insect—The strawberry pot—Instinct—The young hen and the hawk—The beaver—How to build a dam—The bee—Infancy—Mother's love—The great basin—How rain made—The ocean a great blessing—Faces not alike—Men cannot write alike—The tongue and the ear—Day and night—The Bible—How proved from God—Jesus Christ—The wisdom of God seen—Who sees it—The world to be destroyed—New heaven hereafter—The little top—What God will do hereafter.' There is matter enough for a Cyclopedia. Yet our author has discussed it all, in thirty pages of less than nineteen lines each. On an average he has given nine lines of seven words or sixty three words, to each topic. Accordingly, he has hurried over the whole in a manner that is calculated to do serious injury to the cause of truth and religion. He says 'where should the ear be, but near the brain, to let the soul know quickly what it hears?' We would ask, *how much quicker* a man can hear, than he can feel? Again, of the telescope, he says, 'it has cords, and pulleys, and wheels, and a great deal of machinery by which to turn it round.' There are very few telescopes with such machinery in the world. He implies that the blood becomes bone, hair, and flesh, *before* going to the lungs. He remarks very sagely, 'If men had come into the world all clothed like sheep, they could live only in the cold climate; if they had only a very thin covering, they could live only in the scorching climate where the camel lives; but they are born *naked*, so that they can clothe themselves for any climate.' We venture to say such nonsense was never uttered from the Christian pulpit before. But, alas! our theologian is not consistent with himself. A little farther on he says, 'the elephant goes naked.' Was the elephant created to be a tailor? And still worse, on the next page but one, he adds, 'the pig, the cow, the horse, the sheep, and the goat, are the most useful creatures to man. They are wanted everywhere, where men live.' We would respectfully inquire, whether they are born naked and make their own clothes, so as to adapt themselves to 'any climate'?

But we pass over these inaccuracies to quote a single passage, that ought to prevent every one from putting the book into the hand of children 'men sometimes feel that it is convenient to deceive,—they can make a better bargain, and they can appear better. Not so with God. He has no bargain to make, no weakness or poverty to cover up, no points to carry which need falsehood to aid him.' We hesitate not to call this blasphemy. Does Mr. Todd mean to say that this is the way to reveal to children the character of God? We have given more consideration to the work than it deserves. We felt obliged to do so. We regard the attempt to prepare systems of Theology for children as ominous of evil. Mr. Jacob Abbot has abandoned the noble station he lately filled as a writer of children's book, to publish a series that shall convey his own peculiar theological dogmas. We regret that such a star has fallen from the firmament.

And Mr. Todd, with far less ability or skill, threatens to carry matters still farther. Nothing short of a *juvenile system of theology* will satisfy his ambition. B.

INTELLIGENCE.

American Institute of Instruction.—The 10th annual session of the American Institute of Instruction was held in the Town Hall, at Springfield, on Thursday, August 22,

The Springfield Republican says,

The meeting of the Institute, which continued unremittingly from Thursday of last week until Tuesday of this week, Sunday excepted, excited a deep interest on the part of our citizens. The meetings have been remarkably well attended; and very many were present from distant parts of the County and from the neighboring Counties. It is believed that an important impulse has thus been given to the cause of education in Hampden; and that this meeting of the Institute will long be looked to as an era in this great cause. The attendance was such as to gratify the warmest friends of the Institute; and the crowded auditory of the County Convention on Monday, evinced that a strong feeling was awakened in Hampden. Let the tide continue to roll onward. Let us continue to think and act upon this important subject, until we are enabled to see our schools improved, and our children in the full enjoyment of all the blessings, which flow from schools as they ought to be, and teachers as they ought to be. Hampden has done well: let us all remember, that we must not only continue to do well, but go on to do better.

The various lectures embraced a vast fund of practical remarks upon modes and subjects of teaching, which must have afforded essential instruction and profit to the numerous teachers who were present, many of whom took copious notes. In this way, our community has been and will continue to be, greatly benefited.

Loss of Brig Tilton, of Boston, and nine lives.—Brig Tilton, Greenlaw, of this port, from Calais for Providence, with a cargo of lumber, and twelve passengers, went ashore on Marshfield beach, at midnight of Friday, in the gale, and nine of the passengers, consisting of an Irish woman and five children, on their way to New York to join her husband, and three children of a Mr and Mrs Hogan, who were on board, perished. After the brig struck, the sea quickly beat in her stern, and most of her clothing, &c. was washed out of the cabin. The vessel has also bilged, and will not probably be got off; no insurance. Her cargo, which is owned in Calais, is landing on the beach, and nearly all will be saved. The wreck is in charge of Mr Waterman Thomas, South Marshfield. The name of the woman who perished is Mrs Catharine Durep.—*Dai. Adv.*

Commencement at Amherst.—The Commencement at Amherst College took place on Wednesday last. The exercises of the graduates were highly gratifying to the numerous auditory. The number of candidates on whom the degree of A. B. was conferred was 57.

On the day preceding the Commencement, an Oration was delivered by Hon. D. D. Barnes, of Albany and a Poem by Grenville Mellen, Esq. of New York, and in the evening an Address by Rev. Dr Storrs, of Braintree. These performances appear to have been received with general favor.—*Dai. Adv.*

Hunt's Merchants Magazine.—Three monthly numbers of this publication have made their appearance, and they have, we believe, fully answered the public expectation. The work promises to be one of great utility, in being a repository of commercial and statistical information of every kind, drawn from official and other sources, and by bringing out discussions of subjects connected with commerce, mercantile law, and political economy, from persons capable of affording instruction on those topics. The number for September contains several valuable original essays, besides a great variety of commercial information, compiled with care and in a form suited for convenient reference. The work is published by Mr. Freeman Hunt in New York, and by Mr Geo. O. Bartlett in this city.—*Dai. Adv.*

Colonization at Trinidad.—Gov. Campbell, of Nova Scotia, has given notice by proclamation, that the Government of the Island of Trinidad will pay $25 for the passage of each laboring person of African descent, whether male or female, from Nova Scotia or either of the neighboring provinces to Trinidad; and the same sum for the passage of two children between 7 and 14 years of age, or for three from 1 to 7 years of age. This money is to be paid as a free gift, and no claim will be made for its repayment in any shape.

The proclamation states, that according to the rate of wages given on the island, a laborer, whether male or female, may easily earn daily, between sunrise and sun-set, wages equal to four shillings, and five shillings Nova Scotia currency, together with an allowance of one pound of dry Cod-fish. Such laborers as do not choose to work the whole day, may be at liberty to work as much time during the day as will entitle them to half the allowance. They will have in addition, the use of a good cottage, and half an acre of productive ground free from rent or any other charge. The soil is stated to be of great fertility, and land may be procured at from four dollars to sixteen dollars an acre, in the most settled districts. An industrious laborer, by the earnings of a short period may become the owner of a productive farm.—*Da. Adv.*

Middlebury College.—The Commencement at this College took place on the 23d ult. The oration before the Associated Alumni was delivered by Alexander H. Everett. The orator sketched the history of moral science, pourtraying, in the history of the reformation, with a masterly hand, the characters of Luther and Erasmus, and the subsequent passage from pure despotism, by a transition through the British Constitution, to republicanism in America, and showed that the physical arts and sciences, and the improvement of the political condition of mankind, are dependent on the progress of moral science.

The degree of D. D, was conferred on the Rev. William Jackson, of Dorset, Vt. and the Rev. Francway R. Cossit, President of the College of Princeton Ky., and of L. L. D. on Alexander H. Everett of Boston.—*Recorder.*

Common School Convention at Hartford.—This Convention met in the State House in this city, at 10 o'clock on Wednesday, and was organized by the appointment of Seth P. Beers, Esq. President, and Rev. D. H. Short, of Danbury, and Mr. Thomas Douglass, of New London, Secretaries. A highly respectable representation of the friends of Education were present from different parts of the State. The sessions of the Convention were continued, with increasing interest, until Thursday evening. A number of important practical questions were discussed, and several interesting Lectures were delivered by Professor Stowe, of Cincinnati, Mr Cushing, of Boston, Rev. Mr Davis, of Westfield, and Hon. A. H. Everett, of Boston.

On Wednesday evening a very chaste and sensible dissertation, prepared by Mrs Sigourney, at the request of the Committee of Arrangements, on the construction, location, and decorations of school houses, and other means of rendering the pupilage of children an agreeable and happy period of their lives, was read by Mr Everett.—*Hartford Courant.*

International Courtesy.—It will be recollected that the United States Exploring squadron, whilst at Cape Horn, met with very boisterous weather, and some of the vessels suffered damage. The store ship Relief, it is understood, lost all her anchors at that time. She arrived at Valparaiso in April last, and was of course obliged to lay off and on, having lost all her anchors. Her Britannic Majesty's corvette Fly, was lying in the harbor at the time, and the condition of the Relief was inferred from her movements. The commander immediately despatched his boats, with an anchor and cable, for the Relief, which were bent on, and the store ship came to anchor.

The Relief was at Callao on the 16th of May, and she then had the anchor and cable of the English corvette. Such expressions of international courtesy always merit a distinguished notice.—*Globe*

Iowa Lead.—Upwards of 20,000 pigs of Lead have been shipped this season from Sinipee, Iowa Territory. About two hundred tons of Copper ore, have also been brought in from Mineral Point, which are to be shipped, via. New Orleans, to England, for the purpose of being smelted.—*Phila. Com. List.*

The Supreme court of Vermont have sustained the decision of Governor Jennison, ordering Holmes, the murderer of Tasche, in Canada, to be delivered up to the British authorities, and have directed the order of Court to be entered on the 30th inst—thus affording the prisoner time to bring the case, by writ of error, before the U. S. Courts.

The Boylston Prizes for Declamation, at Harvard University, were awarded yesterday as follows; to Robert Henry Harlow, of Boston, of the Junior class, and to John Chandler Bancroft Davis, of Worcester, of the Senior class, a *first* prize each; to Charles Edward Buckingham, of Cambridge, and Thomas Worthington King, of Cincinnati, of the Senior class, and W. Hoffman, of New York, of the Junior class, a *second* prize each.—*Courier.*

Death of Commodore Patterson.—The National Intelligencer of Monday says—'We regret to announce that our esteemed fellow citizen, Commodore DANIEL T. PATTERSON, of the U. S. Navy, and Commandant of the Navy Yard, and Station in this city, expired on the morning of Sunday, the 25th inst., at a quarter past eight o'clock, at his residence in the said yard, after a short but severe illness of about thirty hours.'

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr Young, Mr Lebbeus W. Smith, of Walpole, to Miss Harriet P. Ross: and Mr Daniel H. Ham to Miss Ellen A. Smith.

In this city, by Rev. Mr Lothrop, Mr Charles R. Green, of the house of George Green & Brother, New Orleans, to Miss Charlotte Augusta, daughter of Mr Samuel F. Coolidge.

In this city, by Rev. Mr Pierpont, Mr John Dehuft to Miss Mary H. White.

In this city, on Tuesday morning, by Rev. Dr Channing, Hon. Jonathan Phillips to Miss Mary Magee.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 3d instant, Hon. William Sullivan, aged 64.

In this city, 24th inst. Mrs Sarah Noyes, 69 years 8 months, wife of Mr Joseph Noyes.

In Cambridge, August 31st, Mr John Young, aged 48 years.

In Leominster, Miss Nancy Walker, youngest daughter of Hon. Lovett Walker, 22.

At New York, on Wednesday, Mrs Sarah, wife of John Tappan Esq. of Boston 56.

In Mobile, 15th ult. Mrs Elizabeth, wife of Mr Thomas Wetherbee, formerly of Boston, 61.

FAMILY OIL STORE.

THE Subscriber would inform his friends and the Public, that he has added to his Oil and Candle Establishment, 109 State Street, a Retail Department, for the purpose of supplying families with pure Spermaceti Oil, which he will warrant in all cases to burn freely, and without crusting the wick. And he will send it to all parts of the city free of expense.
sep 7 HENRY CLAPP, JR.

THE GIFT AND VIOLET for 1840—Published this morning and for sale, at TICKNOR'S corner of Washington and School street. Miss Leslie's elegant Souvenirs for 1840. *The Gift* contains 9 splendid engravings, from original paintings, by Sully, Leslie, Mornet and others, engraved by Cheney, Andrews, &c. in the best manner. Among the contributors are Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Gould, Miss Leslie, Mrs. Embury, Miss Beecher, Miss Waterman and others of established reputation. It is beautifully bound in embossed morocco and much enlarged.

The Violet, a Juvenile Annual, is also edited by Miss Leslie, and has articles by a number of our most popular writers. The engravings are very beautiful, and the style of binding rich and elegant.
Sep 7

VERY'S POEMS.—Essays and Poems: by Jones Very, 1 vol 16mo pp. 175. Just published and for sale by JAMES MUNRCE & CO. Boston Bookstore 134 Washington st. sept 7

LATEST FORM OF INFIDELITY.—A Discourse on the Latest Form of Infidelity; delivered at the request of the 'Association of the Alumni of the Cambridge Theological School,' on the 19th of July, 1839. With notes. By Andrews Norton, pp. 64. Published and for sale wholesale and retail, by JAMES MUNROE & CO 134 Washington street.
september 7

IN PRESS.—'The Latest Form of Infidelity,' examined. A Letter to Mr Andrews Norton, occasioned by his Discourse before the 'Association of the Alumni of the Cambridge Theological School,' on the 19th of July, 1839. By an Alumnus of that School. JAMES MUNROE & CO.
september 7

MONTHLY MISCELLANY FOR SEPTEMBER. CONTENTS.

Doing all for the Glory of God—The Beatitudes—How we Spend a Day—The Ignorance of Man—A Reclaimed Drunkard—Submission to Inevitable Evils—&c. &c.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.—Means and Ends, by Miss Sedgewick—Deerbrook—Charles Hartland—The Rollo Books—Traditions of Palestine—The Little Learner—&c. &c.

INTELLIGENCE.—Mrs Sherwood—Foreign Missions—Ministry at Large in England—British and Foreign Unitarian Association.

Published monthly at Three dollars per annum by WM. CROSBY & CO.
september 7 118 Washington st.

ENGLISH BOOKS.—Lord Brougham's Speeches, 4 vols.
McCullock's Statistics of the British Empire, 2 vols.
Milman's Edition of Gibbon's Roman Empire, 12 vs.
Memoirs of Sir James Mackintosh, by his son, 2 vols.
Dunlop's History of Roman Literature, 3 vols.
Kant's Critic of Pure Reason, 1 vol.
Kant's Metaphysic of Ethics, translated by J. W. Semple.
Cox's Memoirs of Lord Walpole, 2 vols.
Cornwall's Ben Johnson, 1 vol.
Howitt's Rural Life of England, 2 vols.
Hobbe's English Works.
Middleton's Life of Cicero.
Mitford's History of Greece, 8 vols.
Southey's Works of Cowper, 15 vols.
Shelley's Poetical Works, 6 vols.
Wordsworth's Poetical Works, 6 vols.
Byron's Works, Murray's edition.
Lamb's Prose Works, 3 vols. Lamb's Poetical Works, 1 vol.
Mrs Austin's Characteristics of Goethe, 3 vols.
Paley's Natural Theology by Brougham.
Singer and Simmons's edition of Shakspeare, 10 vols, elegantly bound, Turkey, gilt, &c. Fresh supplies of the above this day received by
CHA. C. LITTLE & JAS. BROWN,
sept 7 112, Washington street.

NEW BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—A good assortment of Juvenile Books—many of which are new. Received by JOSEPH DOWE 22 Court street. september 7

SCRIPTURE COMMENTARIES.—Henry, Scott, Clarke, Doddridge, Commentaries. For sale at a reduced price. By JOSEPH DOWE 22 Court street. september 7

WORKS FOR FAMILY LIBRARIES.—Stewart's Residence at the Sandwich Islands, with introduction and notes, from the last London edition, by Rev. Wm. Ellis. Says the New York Commercial Advertiser of this work, 'We announce a new and improved edition of this justly popular work with no ordinary pleasure. Our country contains few descriptive writers who excel Mr Stewart. His Landscapes are sketched with all the beauty and freshness of nature, and spread before the mind of the reader with the effect of painting. Equally felicitous are his descriptions of men and manners, of which he is a close observer. Writing moreover with the heart of a Christian Missionary, his works have been deservedly popular.' Price $1. Published by WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. sep 7

WOOD AND COALS.

500 Cords Nova Scotia Wood.
1000 Tons first quality Red Ash Coal, *for Grates.*
300 Tons first quality White Ash Coal, *for Furnaces.*
600 Chaldron New Castle, Orrel, Sydney, and Cannel Coal for Grates and for Smith use.
100 Chaldon Scotch Coal, a superior article for Grates or Smith use.
For sale by MOSES FRENCH, JR.
Main Wharf Broad Street,
near the bottom of Summer Street.
sep 7 3m

PURE SPERM OIL.

E. T. HASTINGS & Co., 101 State street, have constantly for sale Winter, Fall, and Spring strained Sperm Oil, of first quality, for family use. Oil cannisters of various sizes.
Oil sent to any part of the city, free of expense.
jan 13 1stf

POETRY.

NEW ENGLAND.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Land of the forest and the rock—
Of dark blue lake and mighty river—
Of mountains reared aloft to mock
The storm's career—the lightning's shock,
My own green land forever!
Land of the beautiful and brave—
The freeman's home—the martyr's grave—
The nursery of giant men,
Whose deeds have linked with every glen,
And every hill and every stream,
The romance of some warrior-dream!
Oh—never may a son of thine,
Where'er his wandering steps incline,
Forget the sky which bent above
His childhood—as a dream of love—
The stream beneath the green hill flowing—
The broad-armed trees above it growing—
The clear breeze through the foliage blowing;
Or hear, unmoved, the taunt of scorn,
Or mark the stranger's Jaguar hand
Disturb the ashes of the dead—
The buried glory of a land
Whose soil with noble blood is red,
And sanctified in every part,
Nor feel resentment like a brand,
Unsheathing from his fiery heart!

Oh—greener hills may catch the sun
Beneath the glorious heaven of France;
And streams rejoicing as they run,
Like life beneath the day-beam's glance,
May wander where the orange-bough
With golden fruit is bending low;
And there may bend a brighter sky
O'er green and classic Italy;
And pillared fame and ancient grave
Bear record of another time,
And over shaft and architrave
The green luxuriant ivy climb;
And far towards the rising sun
The palm may shake its leaves on high,
Where flowers are opening one by one,
Like stars upon the twilight sky;
And breezes soft as sighs of love
Above the rich mimosa stray,
And through the Brahmin's sacred grove
A thousand bright hued pinions play!—
Yet unto thee, New England, still
Thy wand'ring sons shall stretch their arms,
And thy rude chart of rock and hill
Seem dearer than the land of palms!
Thy massy oak and mountain pine
More welcome than the banyan's shade,
And every tree blue stream of thine
Seem richer than the golden bed
Of oriental waves, which glow
And sparkle with the wealth below!

Land of my fathers! If my name,
Now humble, and unwed to fame,
Hereafter burn upon the lip,
As one of those which may not die,
Linked in eternal fellowship
With visions pure and strong and high—
If the wild dreams which quicken now,
The throbbing pulse of heart and brow,
Hereafter take a real form,
Like spectres changed to beings warm!
And over temples worn and gray,
The star-like crown of glory shine,—
Thine be the bard's undying lay,
The murmur of his praise be thine!

[Translated from the German in Sella, in the Dublin Magazine.]

CHEERFULNESS.

See how the day beameth brightly before us!
Blue is the firmament—green is the earth,
Grief hath no voice in the Universe chorus,
Nature is ringing with music and mirth,
Lift up the looks that are sinking in sadness,
Gaze! and if beauty can rapture thy soul,
Virtue herself shall allure thee to gladness,
Gladness! philosophy's guerdon and goal.

Enter the treasuries pleasure uncloses,
List! how she thrills in the nightingale's lay;
Breathe! she is wafting the sweets from the roses;
Feel! she is cool in the rivulet's play;
Taste! from the grape and the nectarine gushing
Flows the red rill in the beams of the sun;
Green in the hills, the flower-groves are blushing,
Look! she is always and every where one.

Banish, then, mourner, the tears that are trickling
Over the cheeks that should rosily bloom;
Why should a man, like a girl or a sickling,
Suffer his lamp to be quenched in the tomb?
Still may we battle for goodness and beauty;
Still have philanthropy much to essay;
Glory rewards the fulfilment of duty;
Rest will pavillion the end of our way.

What though corroding and multiplied sorrows,
Legion-like darken this planet of ours,
Hope is a balsam the wounded heart borrows
Even when anguish hath palsied its powers;
Wherefore, though fate play the path of a traitor,
Soar o'er the stars on the pinions of hope,
Fearlessly certain that sooner or later,
Over the stars thy desires shall have scope.

Look round about on the face of creation!
Still is God's earth undistorted and bright;
Comfort the captive's too long tribulation,
Thus shalt thou reap thy more perfect delight.
Love! but if love be a hallowed emotion,
Purity only its rapture should share;
Love, then, with willing and deathless devotion,
All that is just and exalted and fair.

Act!—for in action are wisdom and glory;
Fame, immortality; these are its crown;
Would'st thou illumine the tablets of story,
Build on archievements thy doom of renown;
Honor and feeling were given to cherish,
Cherish them, then, though all else should decay;
Landmarks by these that are never to perish,
Stars that will shine on the duskiest day.

Courage!—disaster and peril once over,
Freshen the spirit as showers the grove;
O'er the dim graves that the cypresses cover,
Soon the forget-me-not rises in love.
Courage, then, friends! though the universe crumble,
Innocence, dreadless of danger beneath,
Patient and trustful, and joyous and humble,
Smiles through ruin on darkness and death.

INFIDEL LIBERTY IMPOSSIBLE.

The sensual and the dark rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion! in mad game
They burst their manacles, and wear the name
Of Freedom graven on a heavier chain!

COLERIDGE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.]

'IT'S ONLY A DROP.'

It was a cold winter's night, and though the cottage where Ellen and Michael, the two surviving children of old Ben Murphy, lived, was always neat and comfortable, still there was a cloud over the brow of both brother and sister, as they sat before the cheerful fire; it had obviously been spread not by anger but by sorrow. The silence had continued long, though it was not bitter. At last Michael drew away from his sister's eyes the checked apron she had applied to them, and taking her hand affectionately within his own, said, 'It is'nt for my own sake, Ellen, though the Lord knows I shall be lonesome enough, the long winter nights and the long summer days without your wise saying and your sweet song, and your merry laugh, that I can so well remember—ay, since the time when our poor mother used to seat us on the new rick, and then in the pride of her heart, call our father to look at us, and preach to us about being conceited, at the very time she was making us proud as peacocks by calling us her blossoms of beauty, and her hearts blood and her king and queen.'

'God and the blessed virgin make her bed in heaven now and forevermore, amen,' said Ellen at the same time drawing out her beads, and repeating an ave with considerable rapidity. 'Ah, Mike,' she added, 'that *was* the mother, and the father too full of grace and godliness.'

'True for ye, Ellen: but *that's* not what I'm after now, as you well know, you blushing little rogue of the world; and sorra a word I'll say against it in the end though it's lonesome I'll be on my own hearthstone, with no one to keep me company but the ould black cat, that can't see, let alone hear, the craythur.'

'Now,' said Ellen wiping her eyes and smiling her own bright smile, 'lave off; ye're jest like all the men purtending to one thing when they mane another; there's a dale of desate about them—all—every one of them—and so my dear mother often said. Now, you'd better have done, or maybe I'll say something that will bring, if not the color to your brown cheek a dale more warmth to yer warm heart, than could be convanient, just by the mention of one Mary—Mary! what a purty name Mary it is, isn't it?—It's a common name too, and yet you like it none the worse for that. Do you mind the old rhyme?

'Mary, Mary, quite contrary.'

Well, I'm not going to say she's contrary—I'm sure she's any thing but *that* to you any way, brother Mike. Can't you sit still, and don't be pulling the hairs out of pusheen cat's tail, it isn't many there's in it; and I'd thank you not to unravel the beautiful English cotton stocking I'm knitting; lave off your tricks, or I'll make common talk of it, I will and be more than even with you, my fine fellow! Indeed poor old pusheen,' she continued, addressing the cat with great gravity, never heed what he says to you; he has no notion to make *you* either head or tail to the house, not he; he wont let you be without a misthress to give you yer sup of milk, or yer bit of sop; he wont let you be lonesome, my poor puss, he's glad enough to swop an Ellen for a Mary, so he is; but that's a secret, avourneen; don't tell it to any one.'

'Any thing for your happiness,' replied the brother, somewhat sulkily; 'but your bachelor has a worse fault than ever I had, notwithstanding all the lecturing you kept on to me; he has a turn for the drop, Ellen, you know he has.'

'How spitefully you said that!' replied Ellen; 'and it isn't generous to spake of it when he's not here to defend himself.'

'You'll not let a word go against him,' said Michael.

'No,' she said, I will never let ill be said of an absent friend. I know he has a turn for the drop; but I'll cure him,'

'After he's married.' observed Michael, not very good naturedly.

'No,' she answered, '*before*. I think a girl's chance of happiness is not worth much who trusts to *after*-marriage reformation. *I wont.*—Didn't I reform you, Mike, of the shockin' bad habit you had of putting every thing off to the last; and after reforming a brother, who knows what I may do with a lover! Do you think that Larry's heart is harder than *yours*, Mike? Look what fine vegetables we have in our garden now, all planted by your own hands when you come home from work—planted during the very time which you used to spend in leaning against the door cheek, or smoking your pipe or sleeping over the fire; look at the money you got from the Agricultural Society.

'That's yours, Ellen,' said the generous hearted Mike; 'I'll never touch a penny of it; but for you I never should have had it; I'll never touch it.'

'You never shall,' she answered; 'I've laid it every penny out, so that when the young bride comes home, she'll have a house of comforts as are not to be found in the parish—white table cloths for Sunday, a little store of tay and sugar, soap, candles, starch, every thing good and plenty of it.'

'My own generous sis,' exclaimed the young man.

'I shall ever be your sister,' she replied, 'and her's too. She's a good *colleen*, and worthy my own Mike, and that's more than I would say to 'ere another in the parish. I wasn't in earnest when I said you'd be glad, to get rid of me; so put the pouch, every bit of it, off yer handsome face. And hush! whist! will ye; there's the sound of Larry's footstep in the bawn—hand me the needles Mike.' She braided back her hair with both hands, arranged the red ribbon, that confined its luxuriance, in the little glass that hung upon a nail on the dresser and after composing her arch laughing features into an expression of great gravity sat down, and applied herself with singular industry to take up the stitches her brother had dropped, and put on a look of right maidenly astonishment when the door opened, and Larry's good humored face entered with the salutation of 'God save all here!' He popped his head in first, and, after gazing round, presented his goodly person to their view; and a pleasant view it was, for he was of genuine Irish bearing and beauty—frank, manly, and fearless looking. Ellen, the wicked one, looked up in well feigned astonishment, and exclaimed, 'Oh, Larry is it you, and who would have thought of seeing you this blessed night?—ye're lucky—jest in time for a bit of supper afther your walk across the moor. I cannot think what in the world makes you walk over that moor so often; you'll get wet feet, and yer mother 'ill be forced to nurse you. Of all the walks in the country, the walks across the moor's the dreariest, and yet ye're always going it! I wonder you havn't better sense; ye're not such a chicken now?'

'Well,' interrupted Mike, 'it's the women that bates the world for desaving. Sure she heard yere step when nobody else could; its echoes struck on her heart, Larry—let her deny it; she'll make a shove off if she can; she'll twist you and twirl you, and turn you about, so that you wont know whether it's on your head or heels ye're standing. She'll tossicate yer brains in no time, and be as composed herself as a dove on her nest in a storm. But ask her Larry, the straight forward question, whether she heard you or not. She'll tell no lie—she never does.'

Ellen shook her head at her brother, and laughed, and immediately after the happy trio sat down to a cheerful supper.

Larry was a good tradesman, blythe, and 'well to do' in the world; and had it not been for the one great fault—an inclination to take the 'least taste in life more,' when he had taken quite enough—there could not have been found a better match for good, excellent Ellen Murphy, in the whole kingdom of Ireland. When supper was finished, the everlasting whiskey bottle was produced, and Ellen resumed her knitting. After a time, Larry pressed his suit to Michael for the industrious hand of his sister thinking doubtless, with the natural self conceit of all *man*-kind, that he was perfectly secure with Ellen; but though Ellen loved, like all my fair country women, *well*, she loved, I am sorry to say, unlike the generality, wisely, and reminded her lover that she had seen him intoxicated at the last fair of Rathcoolin.

'Dear Ellen!' he exclaimed, 'it was only a drop,' the least taste in life that overcame me. It overtook me unknown and quite against my will.'

'Who poured it down your throat Larry?'

'Who poured down my throat is it? why myself, to be sure; but are you going to put me to a three months penance for that?'

'Larry, will you listen to me, and remember that the man I marry must be converted before we stand before the priest. I have no faith whatever in conversions after.'——

'Oh, Ellen,' interrupted her lover.

'It's no use oh Ellening me,' she answered quickly; 'I have made my resolution, and I'll stick to it.'

'She's as obstinate as ten women!' said her brother. 'There's no use in attempting to conher; she always has had her own way.'

'It's very cruel of you, Ellen not to listen to reason. I tell you a table spoonful will often upset me.'

'If you know that, Larry, why do you take the table spoonful?

Larry could not reply to this question. He could only plead that the drop got the better of him, and the *temptation* and the overcomingness of the thing, and it was very hard to be at him about a trifle.

'I can never think a thing a trifle,' she observed, 'that makes you so unlike yourself; I should wish to respect you always, Larry, and in my heart I believe no woman ever could respect a drunkard. I dont want to make you angry; God forbid you should ever be one, and I *know* you are not one yet: but sin grows mighty strong upon us without our knowledge. And no matter what indulgence leads to bad: we've a right to think any thing that does lead to it sinful in the prospect, if not at the present.'

'You'd have made a fine priest, Ellen,' said the young man, determined if he could not reason, to laugh her out of her resolve.

'I dont think,' she replied archly, 'if I was a priest, that either of you would like to come to me to confession.'

'But Ellen, Ellen, dear Ellen, sure it's not in positive downright *earnest* you are: you cannot think of putting me off, on account of that unlucky drop, *the least taste in life* I took at the fair. You could not find it in your heart.—Speak for me Michael, speak for me. But I see it's joking you are. Why Lent 'ill be on us in no time, and then we must wait till Easter—it's easy talking.'

'Larry,' interrupted Ellen, 'do not you talk yourself into a passion; it will do no good;—none in the world. I am sure you love me, and I confess before my brother it will be the delight of my heart to return that love and make myself worthy of you, if you will only break yourself of that one habit, which you qualify to your own undoing, by fancying because the *least taste in life* makes you what you ought not to be, that you may still take it.'

'I'll take an oath against the whiskey, if that will please ye till Christmas.'

'And when Christmas comes get three times as tipsy as ever, to think yer oath is out—no.'

'I'll swear any thing you please.'

'I dont want you to swear at all; there is no use in a man's taking an oath he is anxious to have a chance of breaking. I want your reason to be convinced.'

'My darling Ellen, all the reason ever I had in my life is convinced.'

'Prove it by abstaining from oven taking *the least drop* in life, if that drop can make you ashamed to look your poor Ellen in the face.'

'I'll give it up altogether.'

'I hope you will one of these days, from a conviction that it is really bad in every way; but not from cowardice, not because ye darn't trust yerself.'

'Ellen I'm sure ye've got some English blood in yer veins, yere such a reasoner. Irish women dont often throw a boy off because of a drop: if they did it's not many marriage dues his Reverence would have, winter or summer.'

'Listen to me, Larry, and believe, that, though I spake in this way, I regard you truly; and if I did not I'd not take the thsouble to tell you my mind.'

'Like Mick Brady's wife who whenever she thrashed him, cried over the blows, and said they were all for his good,' observed her brother slyly.

'Nonsense! listen to me I say, and I'd tell you why I am so resolute. It's many a long day since, going to school, I used to meet—Michael minds her, too, I'm sure—an old bent woman; they used to call her the witch of Ballaghton. Stacy was, as I have said, very old, entirely withered and white headed, bent nearly double with age, and she used to be ever and always muddling about the streams and ditches, gathering herbs and plants, the girls said to work charms with; and at first they used to watch, rather far off, and if they thought they had a good chance of escaping her tongue and the stones she flung at them, they'd call her an ill name or two, and sometimes old as she was, she'd make a spring at them sideways like a crab, and howl and hoot, and scream, and then they'd be off like a flock of pigeons from a hawk, and she'd go on disturbing the green coated waters with her crooked stick, and muttering words which none, if they heard could understand. Stacy had been a well rared woman, and knew a dale more than any of us; when not tormented by the children, she was mighty well spoken, and the gentry thought a dale about her more than she did about them; for she'd say there wasn't one in the country fit to tie her shoe, and tell them so too, if they'd call her any thing but Lady Stacy, which the *rale* gentry of the place all humored her in; but the upstarts, who think every civil word to an inferior is a pulling down of their own dignity, would turn up their noses as they passed her, and may be she didn't bless them for it.

One day Mike had gone home before me, and, coming down the back bohreen, who should I see moving along it but Lady Stacy; and on she came muttering and mumbling to herself till she got near me, and as she did, I heard Master Nixon (the dog man's) hound in full cry, and seen him at her heels, and he over the hedge encouraging the baste to tear her in pieces. The dog soon was up with her and then she kept him off as well as she could with her crutch, cursing the entire time, and I was very frightened, but I darted to her side, and, with a wettle I pulled out of the hedge, did my best to keep him off her.

Master Nixon cursed at me with all his heart, but I wasn't to be turned off that way. Stacy, herself, laid about with her staff, but the ugly brute would have finished her, only for me. I don't suppose Nixon meant that, but the dog was savage, and some men like him delight in cruelty. Well, I beat the dog off; and then I had to help the poor fainting woman, for she was both faint and hurt. I didn't much like bringing her here, for the people said she wasn't lucky; however, she wanted help, and I gave it. When I got her on the floor, I thought a drop of whiskey would revive her, and, accordingly, I offered her a glass. I shall never forget the venom with which she dashed it on the ground.

'Do you want to poison me,' she shouted, after saving my life? When she came to herself a little, she made me sit down by her side, and fixing her large grey eyes upon my face, she kept rocking her body backwards and forwards, while she spoke, as well as I can remember—what I'll try to tell you—but I can't tell it as she did—that wouldn't be in nature. 'Ellen,' she said, and her eyes fixed in my face, 'I wasn't always a poor lone creature, that every ruffian who walks the country dare set his cur at. There was full and plenty in my father's house when I was young, but before I grew to womanly estate, its walls were bare and roofless. What made them so?—drink!—whiskey! My father was in debt: to kill thought, he tried to keep himself so that he could not think: he wanted the courage of a man to look his danger and difficulty in the face, and overcome it; for, Ellen, mind my words, the man who will look debt and danger steadily in the face, and resolve to overcome them, *can do so*. He had not means, he said, to educate his children as became them; he grew not to have means to find them or their poor patient mother the proper necessaries of life, yet he found the means to keep the whiskey cask flowing, and to answer the bailiff's knocks for admission by the loud roar of drunkenness, mad, as it was wicked. They got in at last, in spite of the care taken to keep them out, and there was much fighting, ay, and blood spilt, but not to death: and while the riot was a foot, and we were crying round the death bed of a dying mother, where was he?—they had raised a ten gallon cask of whiskey on the table in the parlor, and astride on it sat my father, flourishing the huge pewter funnel in one hand, and the black jack streaming with whisky in the other; and amid the fumes of hot punch that flowed over the room, and the cries and oaths of the fighting drunken company, his voice was heard swearing, 'he had lived like a king, and would die like a king.'

'And your poor mother?' I asked.

'Thank God! she died that night—she died before worse came; she died on the bed, that before the corpse was cold was dragged from under her—through the influence of strong drink—through the badness of him who ought to have saved her; not that he was a bad man either; when the whiskey had no power over him he could not bear his own reflections.—And his end soon came. He didn't die like a king; he died smothered in a ditch; where he fell: he died, and was in the presence of God—how? Oh, there are things that have whiskey as their beginning and their end, that make me as mad as ever it made him? The man takes a drop and forgets his starving family: the woman takes it, and forgets she is a mother and a wife. It's the curse of Ireland—a bitterer, blacker, deeper curse, than ever was put upon it by foreign power or hard made laws!'

'God bless us!' was Larry's half breathed ejaculation.

'I only repeat ould Stacy's words,' said Ellen; 'you see I never forget them. You might think, she continued, that I had warning enough to keep me from having any thing to say to those who were too fond of drink, and I thought I had; but somehow, Edward Lambert got round me with his sweet words, and I was alone and unprotected. I knew he had a little fondness for the drop: but in him, young, handsome, and gay hearted, with bright eyes and sunny hair, it did not seem like the horrid thing which *had made me shed no tear over my father's grave*. Think of that, young girl, the drink doesn't make a man a beast *at first*, but it will do so before its done with him. I had enough power over Edward, and enough memory of the past, to make him swear against it, except so much at such and such a time, and for a while he was very particular; but one used to entice him, and another used to entice him, and I am not going to say but I might have managed him differently; I might have got him off it—gently, may be: but the pride got the better of me: and I thought of the line I came of, and how I had married him who wasn't my equal, and such nonsense which always breeds disturbance betwixt married people: and I used to rave when may be it would have been better if I had reasoned. Any way, things didn't go smooth—not that he neglected his employment; he was industrious and sorry enough when the fault was done; still he would come home often the worse for drink—and now that he is dead and gone, and no finger is stretched to me but in scorn or hatred, I think may be I might have done better; but God defend me, the *last* was hard to bear.' 'Oh, boys!' said Ellen, 'if you had only heard her voice when she said *that*, and seen her face—poor old Lady Stacy, no wonder she hated the drop, no wonder she dashed down the whiskey.'

'You kept this mighty close, Ellen,' said Mike; 'I never heard it before.'

'I did not like coming over it,' she replied; 'the last is hard to tell,' the girl turned pale as she spoke, and Lawrence gave her a cup of water. 'It must be told,' she said; 'the death of her father proved the effects of deliberate drunkenness. What I have to say, shows what may happen from being unable to think or act.'

'I had one child,' said Stacy, 'one, a darlint, blue eyed laughing child. I never saw any so handsome, never saw any so good. She was almost three years old, and he was fond of her—he said he was, but it's a quare fondness that destroys what it ought to save. It was the Pattern of Lady-day, and well I knew that Edward would not return as he went; he said he would, he *almost* swore he would; but the promise of a man given to drink has no more strength in it than a rope of sand. I took sulky, and wouldn't go; if I had may be it would not have ended so. The evening came on and I thought my baby breathed hard in her cradle; I took the candle and went over to look at her, her little face was red; and when I laid my cheek close to her lips so as not to touch them, but to feel her breath, it was hot—very hot; she tossed her arms, and they were dry and burning. The measles were about the country and I was frightened for my child. It was only half a mile to the doctor's; I knew every foot of the road; and so leaving the door on the latch, I resolved to tell him how my darlint was, and thought I should be back before my husband's return. Grass, you may be sure, didn't grow under my feet. I ran with all speed, and wasn't kept long, the doctor said, though it seemed long to me. The moon was down when I came home, though the night was fine. The cabin we lived in was in a hollow; but when I was on the hill, and looked down where I knew it stood in a dark mass, I thought I saw a white light fog coming out of it; I rubbed my eyes, and darted forward as a wild bird flies to its nest when he hears the scream of the hawk in the heavens. When I reached the door, I saw it was open; the fume cloud came out of it, sure enough, white and thick; blind with that and terror together, I rushed to my child's cradle. I found my way to *that*, in spite of the burning and the smothering. But, Ellen—Ellen Murphy, my child, the rosy child whose breath had been hot on my cheek only a little while before, she was nothing but a cinder. Mad as I felt, I saw how it was in a minute. The father had come home, as I expected; he had gone to the cradle to look at his child, had dropt the candle into the straw, and, unable to speak or stand, had fallen down and asleep on the floor not two yards from my child. Oh, how I flew to the doctor's with what had been my baby: I tore across the country like a banshee, I laid it in his arms, and told him if he didn't put life in it, I'd destroy him and his house. He thought me mad; for there was no breath, either cold or hot, coming from its lips then. I couldn't *kiss* it in death: there was *nothing left of my child to kiss*—think of that! I snatched it from where the doctor had laid it: I cursed him, for he looked with disgust at my purty child. The whole night long I wandered in the woods of Newtownberry with that burden at my heart.'

'But her husband, her husband!' inquired Larry in accents of horror, 'what became of him?—did she leave him in the burning without calling him to himself?'

'No,' answered Ellen, 'I asked her, and she told me that her shrieks she supposed roused him from the suffocation in which he must but for them have perished. He staggered out of the place, and was found soon after by the neighbors, and lived long after, but only to be a poor heart broken man, for she was mad for years through the country; and many a day after she told me that story, my heart trembled like a willow leaf.' 'And now, Ellen Murphy,' she added, when the end was come, 'do ye wonder I threw from yer hand as poison the glass you offered me? And do you know why I have tould you what tares my heart to come over?—because I wish to save you, who showed me kindness, from what I have gone through. It's the only good I can do ye, and, indeed, it's long since I cared to do good. Never trust a drinking man: he has no guard on his words, and will say that of his nearest friend, that would destroy him soul and body. His breath is hot as the breath of the plague: his tongue is a foolish, as well as a fiery serpent. Ellen, let no drunkard become your lover, and don't trust to promises: try them, prove them all before you marry.'

'Ellen, that's enough,' interrupted Larry, 'I have heard enough—the two proofs are enough without words. Now, hear me. What length of punishment am I to have? I wont say that, for, Nell, there is a tear in your eye that says more than words. Look—I'll make no promises—but you shall see; I'll wait yer time, name it: I'll stand the trial.'

And I am happy to say, for the honor and credit of the country, that Larry did stand the trial—his resolve was fixed; he never so much as tasted whisky from that time, and Ellen had the proud satisfaction of knowing she had saved him from destruction. They were not, however, married till *after* Easter. I wish all Irish maidens would follow Ellen's example. Women could do a great deal to prove that '*the least drop in life*,' is a great taste too much!—taht 'ONLY A DROP,' is a temptation fatal if unresisted.

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Extract from a Letter of Robert Manning, Esq. of Salem.

Salem, August 12, 1839.

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ROBERT MANNING.

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